

November 1943 • 20 cents

Sports Afield



The Most Dangerous Game • By Major Jim Crossman



Wonder where I'll be next hunting season...

MY LAST NIGHT in the old room...
Wonder if Army cots are comfortable...

Glad Dad and I had that week of hunting... Good old Dad... Boy, they'll be eating duck for a week!... And Marge... Every wolf in this burg will come howling around, darn it... Good way to get to know Dads: going hunting with 'em...

Wonder where I'll be next hunting season... Bet it's some place I'll be glad I'm not such a lousy shot... Wonder if Margie will really write me every day... That "emergency" box of shells—mustn't forget to give it to Dad... Gosh knows I've bummed his shells often enough...

Mom—claiming she had something

in her eye when she kissed me good-night. Not fooling anybody... Lump in my throat big as a grapefruit...

What a swell bunch of people to come back to! * * *

Since war has called so many millions of Americans away from their homes and their homeland, Remington is thankful that it is in a position to help send them well armed.

Full details of an astonishing war production story cannot yet be told. But these facts may interest you...

1. Every working day, Remington produces thirty million rounds of military small arms ammunition. This is at the rate of ten billion rounds a year.

2. Since Pearl Harbor, Remington has produced three times as much military small arms ammunition as was produced by the entire country in all four years of World War I.

3. Every working day, Remington makes more than enough military rifles to equip an entire infantry regiment at full fighting strength.

When fathers and sons can once more go hunting in peace—we will again be serving them with Remington shotguns and rifles, Nitro Express shells, Kleanbore Hi-Speed .22's, and Core-Lokt big game bullets. Remington Arms Company, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.

"Nitro Express," "Kleanbore," "Hi-Speed," "Spartan," "Core-Lokt," are Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. "Core-Lokt" is a trademark of Remington Arms Co., Inc.



Remington Sportsman 2-shot entolodging shotgun and Nitro Express shot shells

Remington



A message for you...from 1953

(Today, John Jones is just an average American, wrestling with all the doubts and worries and problems that beset every one of us right now. But let's skip ahead 10 years. Let's look at John Jones then—and listen to him . . .)

"SOMETIMES I feel so good it almost scares me.

"This house—I wouldn't swap a shingle off its roof for any other house on earth. This little valley, with the pond down in the hollow at the back, is the spot I like best in all the world.

"And they're mine. I own 'em. Nobody can take 'em away from me.

"I've got a little money coming in, regularly. Not much—but enough. And I tell you, when you

can go to bed every night with nothing on your mind except the fun you're going to have tomorrow—that's as near Heaven as a man gets on this earth!

"It wasn't always so.

"Back in '43—that was our second year of war, when we were really getting into it—I needed cash. Taxes were tough, and then Ellen got sick. Like almost everybody else, I was buying War Bonds through the Payroll Plan—and I figured on cashing some of them in. But sick as she was, it was Ellen who talked me out of it.

" 'Don't do it, John!' she said. 'Please don't! For the first time in our lives, we're really saving money. It's wonderful to know that every single payday we have more money put aside! John, if

we can only keep up this saving, think what it can mean! Maybe someday you won't have to work. Maybe we can own a home. And oh, how good it would feel to know that we need never worry about money when we're old!'

"Well, even after she got better, I stayed away from the weekly poker game—quit dropping a little cash at the hot spots now and then—gave up some of the things a man feels he has a right to. We made clothes do—cut out fancy foods. We didn't have as much fun for a while but we paid our taxes and the doctor and—we didn't touch the War Bonds.

"Wedidn't touch the War Bonds then, or any other time. And I know this: The world wouldn't be such a swell place today if we had!"

The Treasury Department acknowledges with appreciation the publication of this advertisement by

★ SPORTS AFIELD ★



We'll Have Fish on the Table

The national "FOOD FIGHTS FOR FREEDOM" program finds a happy response among anglers with Pflueger Fishing Tackle. They are showing that America's lakes and streams can unite with farm and garden in yielding food for the table.

Today's experience with scant stocks of fishing tackle is giving all anglers a greater appreciation of Pflueger quality construction. When the battle of "Tools for Victory" is won, and tools for fishing can again be made, Pflueger workmanship will have higher standards than ever for

PFLUEGER

(PRONOUNCED "FLEW-GER")

A Great Name in Tackle

The ENTERPRISE Manufacturing Co.
Akron, Ohio



Sports Afield

Established 1887

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November, 1943

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You don't have to wait until after the war



Copyright 1943, J. C. Schlenker
Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

ALL OVER AMERICA people today are asking questions. They are wondering about the kind of products they will be able to buy after the war.

What will the new automobiles be like? Will synthetic tires *really* outlast our cars? What new miracles can we look for in radio, television, home refrigeration and air conditioning?

But you don't have to wait until the war is over to enjoy perfection in one of the good things of life. Today, in Schlitz, you are truly drinking the beer of tomorrow.

Keeping a step ahead is traditional at Schlitz. Those well informed on brewing know that for nearly 100 years Schlitz has pioneered almost every major advancement in the American brewing art.

And most important of all, Schlitz now brings you just the *kiss* of the hops—all of the delicate flavor, none of the bitterness. That famous flavor found only in Schlitz tells you that you don't have to wait until after the war to enjoy your post-war beer. The beer of tomorrow is here today!



Invest in Liberty!
BUY WAR BONDS

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

Brewed with **JUST THE KISS OF THE HOPS** — none of the bitterness

Sportsman's Quiz

How many of these 20 questions can you answer?

Answers on page 71

Try these outdoor questions on your sportsman friends. Count 5 for each statement which you check correctly. Perfect score is 100 points.

A "Holl Bent" shape Super-Grain Kaywoodie, \$5.00.

"I Smoke a Kaywoodie"

—because the flavor is so pleasing and satisfying. This is due to the Mediterranean briar that Kaywoodie Pipes are made of, and the particular seasoning and curing given to them.

—because there are 121 things to do in making each Kaywoodie Pipe, and they're all done with the best "know-how" and workmanship in the wood-carving trade. —because the beauty of the grain of the Kaywoodie briar identifies it anywhere. You hear "I smoke a Kaywoodie" all over the world. How about yourself? Kaywoodies are at your dealer's.

Kaywoodie Co., New York and London
In New York, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.



BUY
WAR
BONDS

- The .45 Colt automatic pistol has left-hand twist rifling. This is to offset the natural tendency of the shooter to pull to the right when shooting, as the left-hand twist causes the bullet to drift to the left.
 - True.
 - False.
- Which of the following birds is unique in having two toes pointing forward and two pointing backward?
 - Plumbeous.
 - Redpoll.
 - Columbian sharp-tailed grouse.
 - Sage grouse.
- When Windy Bill finished his yarning, we knew he was a liar because of one of the following statements. Which?
 - "How come the hounds to lose that jaguar's trail, danged if that ol' cat hadn't took to the river for a swim!"
 - "I knowed them bucks was some-where mighty close, because I could smell their musk."
 - "I'd have starved sure if I hadn't come onto this ol' she-pony with her five young 'uns an' et 'em."
- How do commercial fishermen keep their hands from freezing when lifting nets in zero weather?
 - By rubbing them in snow.
 - By wearing heavy mittens.
 - By immersing in water and massaging.
- When putting up the outboard motor for the winter, it is inadvisable to do which one of the following.
 - Stand the motor upright.
 - Plug water outlets, to keep dust out.
 - Wipe the motor with an oily rag.
 - Wrap the motor in a blanket.
- The most effective first-aid treatment for a frostbitten ear is to:
 - Rub it with snow.
 - Hold it near a stove or fire.
 - Warm it with your hand.
- Which of the following salt-water fish has an almost identical fresh-water counterpart, somewhat smaller, however?
 - Baracuda.
 - Sea trout.
 - Striped bass.
 - Codfish.
- The Krag, or Model 1898 rifle, still a good arm, is inferior to the Springfield principally because:
 - The barrel is too long.
 - The stock is too short.
 - The bolt assembly is less strong.
 - The rifling is inferior.
- Why should a fisherman attempt to eliminate "drag" when casting the top-water flyrod lure for trout?
 - Because drag causes a fish to strike short.
 - Because with drag the lure produces a definite wake, revealing lure to be artificial.
 - Drag is too hard on the rod tip when retrieving.
 - Drag tends to sink the fly.
- The sling, as an accessory to a gun, or rifle, is:
 - A modern invention.
 - A very old idea.
- If you put an animal up a tree, and want to go home for your gun, you can keep it in the tree during your absence by:
 - Walking around the tree, whistling, a few times.
 - Hanging your coat on a nearby bush.
 - Making a circle about the tree in the leaves and soil.
- A dog gets more exercise from:
 - Walking at a fast trotting gait.
 - Running behind a car.
 - Running through the fields.
- During the coldest seasons of the year turtles may be found:
 - To have migrated long distances downstream.
 - To have dug long dens in the bank.
 - To be occupying old animal burrows.
 - To have dug deep into springs with soft bottoms.
- Chilled shot is better for shooting quail than drop shot.
 - True.
 - False.
- All fish will perish if a pond which is their habitat ceases to become dry temporarily.
 - True.
 - False.
- As consumers of green forage, approximately how many Texas jackrabbits equal one sheep?
 - Approximately 11.
 - Approximately 57.
 - Approximately 4.
 - Approximately 13.
- The term "Kee-mee" should have particular meaning to which of the following groups?
 - Deer hunters.
 - Wildfowl hunters.
 - Volunteer forest fire fighters.
 - Participants in jackrabbit drives.
- The Federal migratory bird regulations permit the taking of ducks with .22 caliber rifles and pistols as well as shot-guns.
 - True.
 - False.
- The veteran hunter was pretty sure one of the medium-sized mule deer tracks in the 3-inch deep snow was that of a buck. Why?
 - Because he could smell the musk.
 - Because the toes were blunter.
 - Because the stride was longer.
 - Because considerable more foot-drag was shown.
- The repairing of a boat propeller is usually called:
 - Reboring.
 - Reboring.
 - Redsigning.
 - Repitching.



"I wouldn't go without my Duofold"

"Every time I've crouched in a freezing duck blind, or hiked into the woods after big game... I've been mighty thankful for my Duofold underwear."

"Out hunting, a man needs plenty of warmth. But he doesn't want to be all bundled up so he can hardly handle his gun. What I like about Duofold is that it's plenty warm but not heavy or bulky. It gives you the warmth of wool, but not the itch. The wool blended with other fibres is in a separate outer layer where it can't touch you. The inner layer is all cotton next to the skin. You're always comfortable. There's nothing like it to help you enjoy your shooting and fishing."

Producing all we can

We are producing underwear for our Armed Forces, and as much Duofold for civilians as conditions permit. The demand for Duofold is unusually heavy. If your dealer may not have the style or size you want, please don't blame him.

DUOFOLD, Inc., Mobawk, N. Y.



LINCOLN PARK POOL, Chicago, where the tournament was held.

1/2-ounce Distance

A special 1/2-ounce distance event was cast to see if this country could regain the title and every other participating exceeded the British record. William Lovely of St. Louis, Missouri, threw the 1/2-ounce distance plug 422 feet, which was 5 feet farther than the 3/4-ounce had ever been thrown.

1st—William Lovely, St. Louis, Mo.	422
2nd—Dick Miller, Westport, Calif.	411
3rd—J. Keldahl, St. Paul, Minn.	402

Dry Fly Accuracy

In the dry fly accuracy at unknown distances, Harold H. Smedley of Muskegon, Michigan, successfully defended his championship.

1st—H. H. Smedley, Muskegon, Mich.	95	Cast off
2nd—W. F. Stet, Chicago, Ill.	92	
3rd—E. Cavanaugh, Fort Dodge, Iowa	94	92

Wet Fly Accuracy

In the wet fly accuracy five casters tied for first place with a near perfect score of 99. Under the rules, the first five positions were determined by the cast off, when Roscoe Reamer repeated his score of 99 and came out first.

1st—Roscoe Reamer, Kansas City, Kansas	99	99
2nd—A. Vogel, Paterson, N. J.	99	91
3rd—Charles Schall, St. Louis, Mo.	99	96

3/4-ounce Accuracy Bait

In the 3/4-ounce Accuracy bait, William J. Lovely of St. Louis, Missouri, tossed a 98 to equal the highest score ever cast in that event.

1st—William Lovely, St. Louis, Mo.	98
2nd—Harry McDonald, Chicago, Ill.	97
3rd—Ray Wilson, Chicago, Ill.	94

3/4-ounce Accuracy Bait

There was a three way tie for the 3/4-ounce accuracy which had to be decided by casting off a second game.

1st—Ed. J. Olson, Chicago, Ill.	96	96
2nd—Charles Schall, St. Louis, Mo.	95	95
3rd—E. Cavanaugh, Fort Dodge, Iowa	95	96

Ladies Events

Ladies Wet Fly

FOR the first time ladies were accorded a full program of accuracy events. Dorothy Vogel a 14-year-old girl of Paterson, New Jersey, took the wet fly, defeating last year's champion, Mrs. Ott Reisman of Kansas City, who placed second.

1st—Dorothy Vogel, Paterson, N. J.	96
2nd—Mrs. Ott Reisman, Kansas City, Mo.	94
3rd—Joan Salvato, Paterson, N. J.	93

Ladies Dry Fly

In the ladies dry fly, Miss Joan Salvato of Paterson, New Jersey, who cast with grace unequalled by many men and who was a newcomer to National tournaments, came through to win the dry fly.

1st—Joan Salvato, Paterson, New Jersey	94
2nd—Carol Stet, Chicago, Ill.	93
3rd—Dorothy Vogel, Paterson, New Jersey	91

Ladies 3/4-ounce Accuracy

Mrs. A. McDonald of Chicago, defending champion, successfully defended her championship in the 3/4-ounce accuracy.

1st—Mrs. A. McDonald, Chicago, Ill.	96
2nd—Mrs. H. Chait, Chicago, Ill.	95
3rd—Mrs. M. Salpin, Indianapolis, Ind.	92

Ladies 3/4-ounce Accuracy

Dorothy Vogel came through in the ladies 3/4-ounce accuracy with a score of 98, two points above the winning score in the same event for men.

1st—Dorothy Vogel, Paterson, N. J.	98
2nd—Mrs. LeBaron, Chicago, Ill.	94
3rd—Joan Salvato, Paterson, N. J.	93

Juniors Events

Juniors Dry Fly

THE Juniors dry fly event for boys and girls under 17 years of age was won by George Applegren of Chicago, with a score of 96, which tied the second place score in the same event for the men.

1st—George Applegren, Chicago, Ill.	96
2nd—Dorothy Vogel, Paterson, New Jersey	94
3rd—Henry Lesko, Chicago, Ill.	90

Juniors Wet Fly

Henry Lesko of Chicago won the wet fly event with a score only one point below the high score for the men's event.

1st—Henry Lesko, Chicago, Illinois	95
2nd—Charles Stuphin, Indianapolis, Ind.	93
3rd—Ed. Stet, Gary, Indiana	92



HAROLD H. SMEDLEY of Muskegon, Mich., successfully defended his dry fly accuracy championship. The event was cast at unknown distances.



"Just as a gag he tried calling Hitler—and he got him!"

LIGHTER MOMENTS

with **fresh**
Eveready Batteries

Furnishing power for field telephone units is among the many war uses for "Eveready" No. 6 Dry Cells. You can help conserve the reduced civilian supply by (a) buying only when necessary, (b) conserving what you have.

The words "Eveready" and "Ignitor" are registered trade-marks of National Carbon Company, Inc.



EVEREADY

TRADE-MARK

Juniors $\frac{3}{8}$ -ounce Accuracy

1st—Charles Burghin, Indianapolis, Ind.	90
2nd—Harry Loda, Chicago, Ill.	88
3rd—Ed Stein, Gary, Indiana	80

Juniors $\frac{5}{8}$ -ounce Accuracy

1st—Charles Burghin, Indianapolis, Ind.	92
2nd—Dorothy Vogel, Paterson, N. J.	91
3rd—Bob Stein, Gary, Ind.	91

Skish Tournament

THE Skish Control Board conducted their National Skish Championship tournament from the same platform with the following results:

SKISH SALT

Men

Clare Bryan, Chicago, Ill.	72
----------------------------	----

Ladies

Mrs. Harry McDonald, Chicago, Ill.	54
------------------------------------	----

Juniors

Charles Burghin, Jr., Indianapolis, Ind.	58
--	----

SKISH FLY

Men

Frank Reed, Chicago, Ill.	186
---------------------------	-----

Ladies

Carol Steel, Chicago, Ill.	95
----------------------------	----

Juniors

George Applegren, Jr., Chicago, Ill.	74
--------------------------------------	----

The Jackson Park Casting Club won the five-man team event with a total score of 463 points.

The NAACC awarded medals to the winners in each event and emblems to the first three places in each event as well as plaques to the combined championships and to both tied winners in the All-Round.

The Skish Control Board awarded trophies to the Skish champions.

At the business meeting the report of the Committee on Standardization of Tackle was approved.

A new work is being undertaken by the Association by a Committee on Tackle Terminology, who are to collect words and expressions in connection with casting, angling, and fishing tackle and to give proper definitions and explanations of their meaning.

Officers for the coming year are as follows:

President—Dick Miller, Huntington Beach, Calif.
1st Vice Pres.—L. C. Lay, Waco, Texas
2nd Vice Pres.—Ronald Griffiths, Worcester, Mass.
3rd Vice Pres.—Charles Wilson, Detroit, Michigan
4th Vice Pres.—Cyril Wardland, Kansas City, Mo.
Secretary—V. J. Mahoney, Cleveland, Ohio
Treasurer—Homer Roemer, Kansas City, Kansas
Executive Secretary—W. H. Collins, Chicago, Illinois



DICK MILLER of Huntington Beach, Calif., copped three first places in distance events. Here he is laying into a long one in the distance fly event.



DOROTHY VOGEL, 14-year-old "hot shot" from Paterson, N. J., copped first place in the ladies wet fly and $\frac{5}{8}$ -oz. accuracy competitions.



THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR EXPERIENCE ...in Airplanes or Outboard Motors

Among flying men the saying goes, "There is no substitute for experience."

And that's just as true in the manufacture of outboard motors as it is in flying. Without experience you could take a modern plant, good engine design, fine materials—and still fail to build an outstanding motor.

Without experience one couldn't achieve a modern outboard plant—or develop the last word in motor design—or even be sure of the materials best suited to outboard needs.

As manufacturers who, during more than 20 years, have contributed to the industry a major share of accepted outboard improvements, we are experienced in this field. You can be pretty sure, when you buy a Sea-Horse, that you are coming as close to perfection as experience has brought the outboard motor to date.

JOHNSON MOTORS, WAUKEGAN, ILLINOIS

For over 18 months our entire production has been devoted to the war. All our power is being put into this work—24 hours a day. We think about outboards for the future only in the "25th" hour.



JOHNSON SEA-HORSES FOR DEPENDABILITY

Sports Afield

November 1943



These old bucks get to be big ones by taking care of Number One.

"There's Nothing Much to Deer Hunting"

By Colonel Charles A. Ranlett

APPLÉ blossoms were on the trees and the black flies just getting pretty bad when this hunt started. Early fishing was at its best and I had driven north a few hours from my home to put up for the night at a farm in a New Hampshire hill town where I have long been in the habit of going for brook trout as well as for an occasional day after togue on the lake there. The farmer, whose land borders the shore, keeps a few fishing boats, with kickers, and will put up sportsmen, though he and his wife make no great business of it.

I was interested, on arriving, to see a long, racer-like car out by the barn, and at supper was presently introduced to a young man who had been there for a day or two and who was most enthusiastic over the results he had obtained. This

young gentleman evinced no reserve in telling me what leaders, flies, and methods he had found best among the wide, deep pools of Dodge Creek, or up in the rapids and cascades of the Honey Brook. It amused and rather pleased me to note that he actually was getting fairly close to conclusions which I had reached, following some 50 years of familiarity with these streams. Downright frankness, even if cocksure, is not altogether unattractive, but as we conversed during the evening I became doubtful of the soundness of all of his pronouncements.

Dick, the farmer, came in after his work was done and we sat talking well into the evening. A magnificent buck's head, mounted and placed over the hall doorway, somehow drew the conversation

from fishing to hunting. Remembering the events of the day which led to the demise of that deer, and well knowing that Dick felt some pride in its accomplishment, I recounted the episode. It had been one of those outstanding cases of the exercise of skilled woodcraft and good judgment which make an impression.

Three of us had worked together—Dick, his son, and I. The day, too, was to be remembered; one of those cold, brilliant, winter mountain-days when one feels thankful that he is alive and able to be abroad, a living actor in the magnificent theatre of the wilderness. We had jumped a band of deer shortly after dawn and had worked on them, circling, standing and driving 'til nearly noon with no tangible result. We were then on their trail over

a small hall at the foot of which was a considerable cedar swamp where the deer undoubtedly had gone.

It was my idea that the band would look toward the head of this swamp, the western end where a brook entered it, which would be in continuation of their previous line of flight. Dick, on the contrary, was certain that they would double and go toward the lower outlet, a course which would bring them diagonally backward at no great angle from an absolute back-track.

He said, "Anyhow, I think that old big-foot will go that way. He'll probably leave the balance of the bunch here."

It was the boy's turn to track, and up to Dick and me to take stands. Each went to his selected position, the kid giving us 45 minutes before he was to start after them. I had waited frozen, and literally so, beside a stump for a half hour; my feet, even though encased in felts and rubbers, felt congealing, when I made out the approach of gray shadows. At that very moment I heard the distant report of Dick's

always where the cover thickened up. He was looking for a good place to duck and look after himself. That band was really led by the big doe. These old bucks get to be the big ones by taking care of Number One. So I figured that this thick swamp would give him the place he was looking for to start back toward the country we put them out of this morning."

It was just after I had finished this anecdote that Mr. Van issued his ukase on deer hunting. We sat silent for a minute and then he remarked, "There's nothing much to deer hunting. Just go where they are and shoot them."

Mrs. Dick had come in the room at the moment, and all three of us must have stared in surprise, taken aback by this casual dismissal of the subject.

Dick relieved the pause by chuckling and saying, "After all, I guess that is about right. Nothing to it! Just go where they are and shoot them—but there surely are some queer angles to 'going where they are!'" Van, by the way, is not the gentleman's name, though it happens to



W. J. Withering

30-30, which seemed to make no impression on the deer coming my way.

I had not guessed quite right in selecting my stand and I had to try a long shot but I got my deer, though it was only a "spike," and felt pretty good that, as I thought, my judgment had been right. Fifteen minutes later the boy joined me where I was at work cleaning the little buck, and he was brimming over with news.

"Dad's got the biggest deer that's ever been shot up this way. He's a whale and that's no mistake!"

When, a while later, I stood beside Dick, admiring his immense trophy, I said, "How in the world did you feel so sure that he would break from the band and come this way?"

"Well," he replied, as he filled his pipe, "all the forenoon I kept seeing that he was the one generally acting lookout at the openings and clearings, watching the back-track. A half dozen times his trail in the snow swung away from the others and

be the prefix to it. It is sufficient, however, for the purposes of this yarn.

Next day we fished together and I found him not a bad companion. While we ate our lunch he asked me about the hunting thereabouts and said that he would like to try it next season if he could get the time from his job. I discovered that he had shot his first deer three years before, and had also got one in each of the two subsequent seasons. He came from a distant state which is reputed to offer fine hunting of the white-tail, but his experience with the white-tail, but his experience which may, by chance, happen to a few folks, but will not long be the rule.

I RECALL a time when I had shot eight bucks in succession with a total expenditure of nine cartridges and was beginning to consider myself a very superior deer hunter. And then ensued a series of years when I muffed and missed things so that a dozen cartridges to one deer would be a



There the snow told a story of a good-sized band of deer which had passed at high speed.

likelier proportion. I bought the license of a state one year; hunted assiduously for two weeks, and got nothing at all. Good stuff to cure swelled heads!

So the day came, seven months later, when I noosed my car, the rear wheels heavy with chains, down the steep slope into Dick's driveway and again saw a long rakish car, much crusted with snow, parked out beside the barn. It was late afternoon but the hunters were not yet returned. Mrs. Dick informed me that Van had been with them three days and that her husband had gone out with him each morning. They had had several "experiences" with deer but had so far got no results. It was dusk when they came in. I thought that Dick seemed not only pretty tired but also more or less disgusted. Little was said. They had had another wearisome day tracking, circling, seeing deer at impossible distances, but had not had a shot.

After supper that evening we discussed plans. It was the last week of December,

narrow swamp which followed the course of a small brook. Across this swamp, less than half a mile, another steep hill rose, to the southward, so that the flat but narrow valley between them formed a long corridor of heavy fir and mixed timber, one of those ideal covers of thick growth, sheltered from high winds by the hills which hedged it in, where deer like to lay up for the night in early winter and where they will yard up as the snow gets deep later on. Dick spoke to us in a low tone.

"Climt Barton, who was up this way after laurel a few days before Christmas, says that there's a small band of deer hanging round the swamp along the brook valley. This old wood road, Van, goes right across the swamp from here. The Colonel knows the ground and he'll put you on a good stand. I'm going on up this main road a ways and then strike down into the swamp and out to the brook which I'll hit a long way up from where you are. Then I mean to zig-zag, more or less, and follow it down. This place probably ought to have two or three men to

go out as possible. For myself I went on, something over 200 yards, and stopped at a spot where the old road bent sharply to the right and was straight, and open, for quite a way; a good place to shoot too, if deer were to cross.

I DON'T know if there is anything harder to do in any kind of hunting than to wait on a stand in the first hour of a northern winter day, when the thermometer registers not far from zero, and manage to keep perfectly still. You have exercised enough, since rising, to be fairly warm when you arrive. For 15 or 20 minutes you remain comfortable. Then the latter frost begins to eat in. Your feet feel it first and one's natural inclination is to stamp and swing the arms, which is exactly what one can't do. Many a time I have huddled, congealed, against the bole of a tree, wondering if my paralyzed trigger finger would bend if a buck were foot enough to come by.

It was like that this morning. Bright daylight, and it seemed that Dick was tak-

drive it right, but I've done it alone a few times and may get 'em out to you. Now it's going to take me the best part of an hour to get to where I start towards you, so you folks don't need to hurry."

It was still so dark as we parted that making our way along the old tote-road, which was mostly grown up to brush, was more or less a business of feeling our way. Going slowly, it began to be gray dawn by the time we reached the spot where the path crossed the brook. A lumberman's bridge of old logs marked this and it was about the best bet as a stand that I could think of to place Van. Good avenues of vision gave one a field of fire in three directions. Had I been alone it would have been my choice. The air was absolutely still, in that dead quiet which precedes a winter day, but even had it been stirring, the currents would have been from the north or northwest, from which direction Dick would come, so the position was as

ing an awful long time, while it appeared to be getting colder. I speculated about how Van was making it, but figured that, since his years were relatively few compared with my own, he probably was all right. No flick or movement had disturbed the motionless swamp avenues before me, when suddenly Van's rifle smashed the morning calm. In effect it continued to do so for several seconds. He was carrying a Remington Auto .35 and it crashed four shots, spaced close together as if he were fighting a grizzly at close quarters.

Cocking my Winchester, I stood watching his direction to see if anything came my way. Since nothing appeared, I went quickly to his stand. I found him looking over the ground about 100 yards the other side from where my position had been. There the snow told the story of a good-sized band of deer which had passed at high speed.

Van was so excited that he was hardly articulate. I gath. (Continued on page 61)

Illustrations by Walter J. Withering



Harry was at the edge of the riffle below the pool, his rod arched.

Angling Jinxes Are Silly

By Joe Mears

MOST anglers have pet jinxes. Superstitions that seem silly to everyone but themselves. I'm no exception. Mine is the last day of the trout season.

For years it's been the same. That last day always meant grief, gobs of it. Flat tires, skinned shins, snagged flies, snow, sleet and rain, bellyaches, lost reels, broken rods, poison oak, sunburn, speeding tickets, wet seats of pants, leaky waders. And, of course, empty creels. Even when everyone else on the trip got limits.

Maybe I'm a bit screwy. Could be. But you should have been with me on some of those trips. Still I always went back for more. Against my better judgment. Sort of a fatal lure, you might call it.

Take my last trip. I'd sworn I'd pass up the last day. When Harry, with lyrical wastefulness used 75 words to wire me to meet him to top off the season, as he put it, "with one big spree of snagging king-sized trout in the Kings River," I called

him long distance, expressing much regret.

I might not have finally weakened but I was paying for the call and Harry insisted he wouldn't hang up until I'd give in. I felt like the housewife who bought a lot of unnecessary gadgets just to get rid of a peddler.

In fact, I was just about to wire Harry next day that I couldn't make it when George stopped by and demanded that I go fishing with him the last week end of the season.

"Where?" I asked.

"Harry says the Kings is hot. This is our last chance, probably for a heck of a long time."

"O.K." I said. "But I warn you. I'll jinx the trip. I never got any fishing the last day of the season in my life. If you and Harry are willing to take a chance it'll serve you right."

Everything that happened on the bus ride to Lindsay was in keeping with my

ominous prediction. The bus was two hours late leaving Los Angeles, was delayed another hour by sleet and snow going over the Ridge Route. As we descended into the San Joaquin Valley the sleet turned to rain and we crawled along, skidding around each of the hairpin turns on the winding road that finally took us to Harry's town.

By this time even George agreed with me we were damfools. We felt better, of course, when we had to get Harry out of bed. He'd decided we weren't coming. His good nature restored some of our morale before we finally hit the hay in the spare bedroom in his home but I didn't exactly look forward to getting up before daylight and starting the long ride up into the mountains in the rain.

I'd agreed, against my better judgment, to go on the trip, chiefly because I could

enjoy the scenery. Through the rain, with visibility reduced to a few hundred yards, we might as well have been driving around the block in the fog.

Leaving General Grant grove of big trees, 6,409 feet elevation, the storm lifted a bit although the black clouds hung threateningly over the jagged peaks in the distance.

FIFTY years ago John Muir began to write lyrical essays on the Kings Canyon, its stately sequoias, mile-deep canyons, roaring waterfalls and awe-inspiring granite spires. He and many other naturalists, outdoorsmen urged creation of a national park in Kings Canyon. Opposition was strong and not until 1940 was the region made a unit in Uncle Sam's chain of parks, primarily as a wilderness area, with facilities for camping only. Completion of the scenic Kings Canyon Highway into the park makes it accessible to motorists and vacationists traveling on scheduled bus lines.

"If we aren't snowed out," grinned Harry, "we'll probably get some wonderful fishing in the gorge just before we come to the end of the highway."

We were at a public camp at Horseshoe Bend, the last outfitting place for campers going into the wilderness.

George was getting impatient. "We've got only a few hours

to fish before dark," said George. "We had better take advantage of every minute. Tomorrow will be the last day and it'll probably be snowing like hell when we wake up."

George even was getting worried by my superstition. That made me feel better. If we didn't get any fishing, at least he wouldn't put the entire blame on me.

"Too late to fish the gorge," said Harry. "Let's drive on a bit. Near the end of the highway in the South Fork we can park the car and pick up a few trout before dark, right off the road."

Harry stopped his car at a bridge, just below the frowning monolith aptly named Gateway to the Kings. The rain had stopped entirely but we could see the stream, ordinarily low and clear, was a raging, muddy torrent.

"Just as I expected," I groused, "too muddy for flies. And I didn't bring any spinners or worms. I knew my jinx would follow me. I should have stayed home and done all the jobs my wife's been after me months to do."

"Don't give up too quickly," grinned Harry. "I've got a box full of spinners."

I was on the spot so I picked out a few and stuck them in my hat band.

I can pass over the rest of the afternoon pretty quickly. I got a lot of strikes. Small fish, evi-



Harry exhibits his fat Loch Leven, landed without a net



Writer tied into a trout in the fast-moving run of the Kings.

dently. But I landed only two; the biggest ran 10 inches. Certainly not king-sized trout!

Harry and George did little better. They had three between them. All caught on spinners. And all uniformly about nine inches.

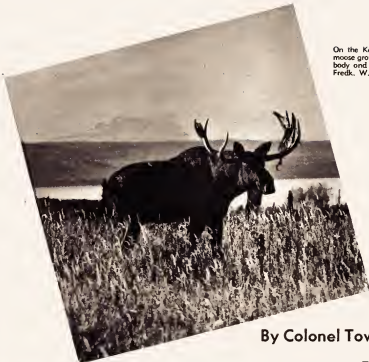
Nothing much to brag about, but plenty for breakfast.

We were back at camp getting warmed at the little tavern when a couple of bedraggled, weary fishermen came in. One had a smile like a toothpaste ad but was an obvious beginner, even to the cheap telescope steel rod, 5-and-10-store reel and shiny creel.

"Not bad for the first time I ever went fishing," he grinned, proudly lifting the top of his basket. "Got a limit all right. Twenty-five nice ones."

Harry tolerantly looked into the creel. Instantly his (Continued on page 75)

On the Kenai Peninsula, Alaska, moose grow to enormous size as to body and antlers. Photograph by Fredk. W. Hollender, New York.



By Colonel Townsend Whelen

Moose Hunting in the NORTHWEST

MANY sportsmen have thought that moose were confined largely to the lake and river country of eastern Canada. This is not true for the more or less rugged as well as the high alpine lands of western Alberta, central and northern British Columbia, Yukon Territory and Alaska contain as many as, if not more moose than, eastern Canada and the northern United States combined. Here the abundant growth of willows and aspens in the valleys and along the streams furnishes abundant food for these big beasts, and in many parts the lighter snowfall as compared with the East makes winter browsing easier for them and they do not have to yard up or break feeding trails through heavy snow. Thus in many localities these western moose grow to larger size and develop heavier and broader antlers than their eastern brethren. Indeed on the Kenai Peninsula in Alaska they grow to such size of body and antlers that naturalists have concluded that they should be classified as a sub-species, *Alces gigas*.

It is thought that moose were not always so plentiful in the Northwest. The

older pioneers in northern British Columbia remember when they were almost unknown in that region, and the whole interior mountain country was overrun with vast herds of caribou. Then about 40 or 50 years ago the caribou began moving out, and the moose started to come in, from just where nobody knows. Soon the caribou were confined to the high, open plateau country where food conditions were to their liking, and the moose took over all of the remaining wooded and willow brush country.

There has been more or less of a repetition of this in other regions. I can remember when New Brunswick, Ontario, and northern Maine had a big caribou population, then they moved out or were shot off, and the moose started to multi-

ply. However it was not long before the moose too were shot off in Maine, and recently in New Brunswick. Ontario and Quebec still have large numbers of moose, but the caribou are gone from Ontario and not from hunting.

To my mind moose hunting in the Northwestern mountains is a much more interesting sport than in the East because the hunter usually discovers his game at a considerable distance, and has the thrill of a stalk over rough country with the animal in view. In the East moose are more often come on at short range and the whole thing is over in a moment or two. In the Northwest one also sees more moose, has a chance to look them over with binoculars and choose the best head. In some good localities in British Colum-

bis, Yukon and Alaska it is not uncommon to see 25 to 30 moose in a day.

I think that the most wonderful sight I have seen in the wilderness was vouchsafed to me late one afternoon in the high Canadian Rockies. I had been bunting sheep all day but had seen nothing but ewes. I was on my way back to camp, and topping a ridge I sat down to enjoy the magnificent view. Below me the hillside dropped down to a valley running right and left. This valley had a fairly level floor possibly 200 yards wide, drained by a small stream, and was sparsely covered with stunted spruce with a fringe of willows along the creek. Beyond a high range rose up, indented by canyons between projecting spurs and high precipices, with enormous masses of gray limestone rock and talus on the slopes.

THERE were many other rock masses in contrasting colors, red, pink, green, and white. Here and there small streaks of spruce tried to climb a short distance, but soon gave way to grass and alpine fir. Above the serrated crest was covered thick with snow on the north side of the peaks, the edges of the fields glistening gold as the setting sun touched them. Then, as I watched, a magnificent bull moose came in sight, strolling down the valley. He walked as though he was the lord of creation, swinging his wide antlers as he gazed from side to side, occasionally giving a grunt as though seeking a mate or a rival. He had a head worth taking, but it was an impossible situation. Before I could have gotten within range his long strides had taken him far down the valley where he disappeared from view in the thicker timber. But this scene will linger with me as long as I live.

Another adventure, I think the

most remarkable in my hunting experience, occurred when I was bunting sheep. I had been up on the crest of a range all day, lying on a snow cornice watching and studying a wonderful landscape containing several bunches of both rams and goats, but all too far away to stalk that day. I watched the game feeding and lying down for several hours. Several goats stood continually in a small stream that rose in a cirque at the head of a valley where there was the remains of a small glacier. Apparently they were cooling their feet.

Leaving the crest in time to make camp before dark, I was very thirsty and stopped at the first creek I came to, pushed my way through the willows and lay down for a drink. As I did so I heard a moose quite close by thrash a dead spruce with his antlers, sounding just like hitting a tree with the handle of an axe. Then I heard him trotting towards me. I rolled over on my back so I could see to the rear, and grasped my rifle. Almost instantly the head and body of the moose appeared above

the willows almost over me, so much so that the saliva from his mouth fell almost on my moccasins. I covered his chest with my rifle. It was a young bull with a small head. I suppose I had a perfect right to shoot in self defense, but I did not want that moose, and I was afraid that if I did not kill it instantly it would trample or fall on me. So I shouted at the top of my lungs: "What the hell are you doing here?" and the bull reared up, almost fell over backwards, swerved, and trotted off to my left. I bounded to my feet, tore my way through the willows, and saw the moose trot off about 50 yards, where he stood for a minute or so hooking the branches and grunting, and then moved into the thicker timber and out of sight. This was about October first at the height of the rutting season.

THE next day after this experience I went up on that range again after the rams I had seen, and was fortunate enough to make a successful stalk and secure a fine head. All the time I was stalking that ram I could see a cow moose standing on the very top of a small peak down the valley—just standing there, a not infrequent sight in these mountains, by the way.

It was late in the afternoon before I finished butchering and photographing the ram. To reach camp I had to cross a fairly high range, and then descend about four miles of slope, the last half through



Western moose in jack pines.
U. S. Forest Service photo.

Herds of moose were a common sight on the Kenai Peninsula in Alaska, according to Fredk. W. Hollender, who made many pre-war trips there.



a burn of fallen jack pines. The sun was setting as I topped the range. There I lined up a peak on the opposite side of the valley with where my camp was below, and also took a compass bearing on it, and then started down. Soon it was pitch dark, as dark as I have ever seen it. The crest beyond and the peak I had lined up with camp could not be seen. I cut a long pole to feel in front so I would not fall over a bluff. Needless to say I made plenty of noise as I blundered and stumbled down, bumping into rocks, bushes, and fallen jack pines. As I felt my way I heard first one moose and then another grunt at me. In all I suppose I passed within a couple of hundred yards or closer to 20 moose as I struggled down. Why did I attempt such a dangerous descent? Well to tell the truth, because I was darned hungry and soaked to the skin with perspiration, and in no shape to enjoy lying out under a bush all night and feeding a fire.

THERE was not much chance of going astray because all I had to do was to descend straight down the mountain slope and I would surely strike the creek my camp was on. Arriving at that creek I would know if I was above or below camp because above camp a very evident moose trail ran along a bench, while below the hillside sloped abruptly to the creek with no trail. As a matter of fact I struck the creek within a hundred yards of my camp, a little bit of woodcraft of which I am rather proud, and got back at one in the morning.

When your camp is on a definite line such as a creek, tote road, or trail, running say east and west, then anytime you are north or south of that line you can take a direction that will surely bring you to the line. Then the problem is, shall you turn east or west to the camp? Not being familiar with the creek or road you might easily turn in the wrong direction, and then have to retrace your steps involving travel of perhaps many miles. So in any thick country it is well to go over such a line for a mile or two from camp in each direction and mark it to indicate the direction to camp. Two blazes on the side of a tree indicates two-wards camp; one blaze means A-way. If you mark the line for a mile on each side of camp, then when you are off in the bush to one side hunting you would have to be pretty darned turned around if you could not take a compass shot and strike somewhere on that two-mile marked line and then walk into camp.

In open country like much of the West it is seldom necessary to do this because you can usually see some prominent object close to or in a certain direction from camp, or you may be able to see the line for a long distance in either direction and note its character. In the above instance it was comforting to know that there was a bench with a moose trail above camp, and a steep sloping hillside below it. But

please excuse this digression from moose hunting into an interesting little point in woodcraft.

In the mountains moose may be come on anywhere in the wooded or willow country, but frequently they are seen at considerable distance from the hills or mountain tops, standing, lying, or feeding in the valleys where there are little ponds and creeks with willows, such country often being sparsely wooded so that the

could just make out the tips of his antlers. As the wind was blowing up the creek Selous had to circle to approach up-wind, and he was too experienced a hunter not to have noted a tall spruce which stood near the moose, so he could find the place even after circling. Finally Selous appeared in view and the watchers could see him advancing step by step until he came within about 25 yards of where the moose was lying. "Now you see moose jump and run," one of the men said. But Selous finally put his rifle to his shoulder and fired. Then he shouted that the moose was dead, and the three others hurried down. Selous, not seeing the moose standing, had rightly suspected that it was lying down, and at last had seen the tips of its horns. A few steps nearer and he could see the head and neck, and he placed his bullet at the base of the brain. It was an old and very large bull with well palmated antlers which spread 57 inches, a fine trophy.

Back in England the celebrated artist J. G. Millais made a sketch of these antlers which adorns the front cover of the presentation copies of Selous' book "Recent Hunting Trips in North America." From it I made a sketch which is shown here.



Moose in Yellowstone Park, Wyoming, photographed by U. S. Forest Service.

animals can be seen at a distance. Then if the moose has a good head it is stalked like any other mountain game.

A VERY typical stalk was that made many years ago by Frederic C. Selous, acknowledged to be the greatest big game hunter who ever lived, and described to me by my friend the late Charles Sheldon, who in turn has been considered our greatest American big game hunter. Selous and Sheldon, with two canoe-men, had ascended the MacMillan River in Yukon Territory almost to its source, and with heavy packs on their backs were climbing the mountains to timberline to search for sheep. Late in the afternoon one of the canoe-men who was ahead, saw a bull feeding in the willows near a creek half a mile below. Selous, after looking the country over carefully, started to approach it, while the others, concealed in some small spruces, had the rare opportunity to watch the stalk.

Shortly after Selous started the moose lay down so he was concealed from view, and was not visible even with binoculars until he moved his head, when Sheldon

A CAREFUL reading of the literature of northern hunting shows that such stalks often fail because the hunter did not locate the bull with sufficient accuracy before starting his stalk, and then could not find it when down in the flat country from which no extended view could be obtained. A photographic eye and a retentive memory of the scene from the height is necessary. It is not often that a distinctive tree close by will aid as it did in the above case. Lining up distant hills with the moose will help, but better still is a complete mind map of all the features of the country close by.

One fine fall day some years ago Stanley Clark and I were journeying down a mountain valley in the northern Rockies. We were driving our packtrain along a bench 50 feet above a little river, Stanley being in front and I bringing up the rear and driving the pack animals ahead. Suddenly I saw Stanley throw up his hand, jump off his horse, and beckon me frantically to come up. I dismounted, snatched my rifle out of its scabbard, and ran up to him past the horses. "See that bull standing in the river, he's a dandy. Think you can hit him from here?" I allowed as I could and sat down. The moose was about 300 yards away standing breast deep in the middle of the river. On our side was a pebble and boulder beach, but opposite was a low cut-bank and above a forest of lodge-pole pines as thick as they ever grow. "You'll have to kill it dead," whispered Stanley. "If it ever gets into those pines we will never see it again." I fired and the moose immediately subsided into the water. "Don't kill it so quick," Stanley shouted. "It will be the hell of a job to get it out of there." But we rode down, dropped our lariats over the antlers, took a hitch around the pomels of our saddles, and snaked the bull up onto the beach as easily as you please. The 30-06 Western open point, boat tail bullet had done its usual. (Continued on page 74)

By Major Jim Crossman

Arms and Ammunition Editor

The sniper can raise heck with small patrols in the jungle. He picks off the leaders by preference but, lacking officers and non-coms as targets, he will take any other individual.



The Most Dangerous Game

SLOWLY he inched his way forward to the top of the little rise. When he could just see over the top, he slid his arm into the sling and eased his rifle up into position. A glance through the scope told him this was the right spot.

While a deep breath calmed him, he slumped forward into the sling and took up the slack. As the scope steadied down he smoothly increased the pressure on the trigger until the rifle leaped in recoil. As the scope settled back on the target, it picked up a running figure and a practiced flick of the wrist reloaded the rifle. Once again the telescope took up its precise work, this time swinging just a little ahead of the moving figure as the shooter increased the pressure on the trigger. Again the rifle cracked, but this time the sniper's look through the glass caused him to nod his head with satisfaction as he faded back off the rise.

Dangerous? Yeah man! Suppose all the

deer were equipped with rifles, and suppose, further, that they were only too anxious and willing to take a shot at you every chance they got. Be just a mite dangerous to go gallivantin' around the woods, wouldn't it? That will give you a very rough idea of what the sniper is up against and why he must be a pretty savvy lad if he expects to tell his grandchildren how he captured Hitler.

And yet there's a lot of fascination about sniping that should appeal to the big game hunter. Basically, sniping is nothing but hunting with a considerable number of chills thrown in. The man who

The sniper is a big game hunter, and the game he hunts is the most dangerous in the world. A war of machines hasn't outrun this traditional rifleman's art

is an experienced hunter should take to sniping like a housewife takes, nowadays, to a hunk of steak.

Let's look over the situation and see the use to which the sniper may be put. Then we can decide on the sort of training he should get and the kind of equipment he will need.

The sniper works on the enemy in two ways: physically and mentally. On the physical side of the ledger, he picks off the leaders by preference, but lacking officers and non-coms as targets, he will take any individual offering him a shot. He can raise heck with small patrols and obser-



Illustration by
Walter Haskell Hinton

He should be trained to conceal himself from enemy observation.

various groups on close hills. The number of casualties which can be inflicted by a good sniper is no mean figure, particularly since he will collect many leaders and other important people. Messengers, observers, radio operators and other key personnel are special subjects for his attention. Experiences in various combat zones have shown the slipping in morale and the slowing up of operations when these people are knocked out.

When we talk of snipers, we're not thinking of the Japanese so-called sniper. Actually he isn't much of a sniper, but is considerable of an opportunist. That is, he is generally a lousy shot, does not have proper sniping equipment or training. He gets hidden away in a spot where he won't be seen and then waits until victims get close to him. While he caused some physical damage and burst morale, he was not nearly as effective as we want our snipers to be.

THE Russians, on the other hand, do have some well trained and equipped snipers, who have caused much German damage. Long before the war we saw pictures of Russian outfits with scope-equipped rifles. They also had an aggressive rifle-marksmanship program which taught their people how to put a bullet where it would do their side the most good.

We don't want our own sniper to be a mere opportunist—we want him to be an aggressive, well-trained rifleman. Basically, he should be trained so that he can do three things: he should select suitable targets; he should move to a point where he can fire on those targets and hit those targets every time. In addition, he should be trained to take care of himself, so that he can operate alone for some time if necessary. Since he is only one man of a group trying to do a job, he should be trained to work with his unit, so that he can do the most good to help it accomplish his mission.

The sniper must be a lad with considerable initiative, because he will be working largely on his own, without anyone to tell him what to do next. Coolness and good judgment are essential, if he is going to live through the many tight spots in which he will find himself. Patience will be required so that he can stay put for long periods, until he gets the shot he wants. Plenty of guts will be necessary, because he will be required to take many chances to do his job right. But we don't want a man with more courage than brains—a dead sniper isn't a bit of use to his outfit or himself.

Once we find a man with the right make-up, we're going to give him thorough training. We want a man who has a natural flair for this sort of thing. We would expect men who have lived and worked in the hills to have some of the characteristics we want. But sometimes a lad fresh from city pavements may catch

on quickly and become an expert sniper.

Since the whole job of the sniper is to deliver effective shots, his training should start with rifle marksmanship. He must be able to make hits at reasonable ranges and under all sorts of conditions, on targets that are mostly hidden. Occasionally a man will take to swanking and pecking like a duck to water, but won't be able to hit the ground with his hat in three throws. Such a man may be very valuable as an observer, but he is useless as a sniper. All of a sniper's training has the object of getting him to the place from which effective shots can be delivered and of his delivering those shots. If our man cannot be trained to be an accurate rifle shooter, then he should be washed out.

AS A ROUGH estimate, we might devote about half the sniper's training time to developing his shooting skill under all sorts of conditions. He should start out with thorough basic training and should spend the first part of his shooting on the target range. During the course of his more advanced training he should frequently come back to the target range. Sure, we know target shooting ain't war, but there is no other place where a man can so quickly develop correct shooting habits or where he can check his progress and find his faults. After all, accurate shooting is basically the same, whether on paper targets or on Japs. Even throughout the most advanced stages of his training, the sniper should do a little target work about every two or three days.

His target work should not be devoted to straight slow-fire stuff, but as he gains the ability to deliver accurate single shots, he should be given training in firing at surprise targets which appear at irregular intervals and unknown places on the butts. He should be trained to deliver single shots in the shortest possible time. When he is pretty good on single shots, then he should be taught to deliver several shots rapid fire. Both here and in the surprise target stages any tendency to substitute speed for accuracy should be discouraged. One well aimed shot which hits is worth a dozen spread promiscuously over the landscape.

Whenever a man starts to throw a shot in a hurry just to get it away, and without regard to accuracy, his ears should be

portant item in the sniper's life.

In all his firing, the targets should be scored and the number of hits and misses carefully balanced against the difficulty of the target. And as we said before, this field firing should be frequently interrupted by trips to the range. It will take patient work by an experienced shooting instructor to get the most out of his sniper pupils, but it will be well worth the effort.

While the known-distance target work is going on, the sniper should be given considerable work in range estimation. He should be able to estimate the range to targets under all sorts of conditions. As far as sniping is concerned, he should be able to estimate ranges up to about 600 yards with considerable accuracy. Shooting at ranges beyond 600 is pretty much a

knocked back. With training, a man can get a shot away in an amazingly short time—and can aim and squeeze it off. In rapid fire, a good shooter will fairly consistently hit the 10-inch 200-yard bull every four seconds with the Springfield or every three seconds with the M1 rifle.

With the embryo sniper's feet on good, solid shooting ground, then it will be possible to broaden his education by taking him into the field where he can shoot at partially concealed targets at varying ranges. His further shooting education should include much work on targets hard to see, surprise targets, moving targets and the like. The first stages of this should be on fairly easy targets, but they should get increasingly difficult to see and to hit. Occasionally he should get an opportunity to deliver a rapid fire string at a group of two or three targets.

The first field training should be with the pupil in position, but later he should be forced to move into positions from which he can deliver the most effective shots, since judicious movement is an im-

waste of time as far as the average sniper is concerned, so his main worry should be to guesstimate ranges within his shooting capabilities.

WHILE at first blush it would seem simple to pick out targets, in actual practice it is rather difficult. The enemy will generally be pretty well hidden, and only a trained observer, who knows what to look for, will be able to pick him up. So our sniper should be given training in picking out various concealed and partially concealed objects. He should be first taught how to observe and what to look for with the naked eye. Then he can be trained in the use of field glasses and a rifle telescope, if he has one. These optical aids will be most valuable if he knows how to use them.

Picking out targets, estimating range and shooting on these targets can be conducted all at the same time after the man has the basic principles well in hand. In this stage, each step should be carefully checked by his instructor so as to deter-

mine whether misses are being made through failure to pick up the right target, wrong estimate of the range or poor shooting.

With our man well on the way to becoming a capable rifle shot and an efficient observer, we should begin to teach him how to keep himself from getting shot full of holes—or even full of one hole. He should be trained to conceal himself from enemy observation while he remains in one place for several hours. He should be taught how to move considerable distances, both by day and by night, without being seen. There may be many

occasions when he will have to move in order to get a shot, or he may even be sent to work behind the enemy positions.

When we start discussing the equipment the sniper should have, then we find ourselves involved in some hot debates on minor points. To be most effective, he should have the best equipment available. Ideally, he would have a specially selected rifle and the most accurate, hand-loaded ammunition. Practically, however, he will have to get along with run-of-the-mill ammunition as a general rule. He may or may not get a special rifle, but if he doesn't get the special job, by a little judicious swagging around in his outfit he may be able to get one of the better rifles. His rifle should be the most accurate he can get; it should have a constant zero and should have a smooth action. Either the M1 or the Springfield will do the job very nicely, if good rifles are picked out.

With the best rifle he can get hold of, the sniper wants good sighting equipment to get the most out of his gun. The Springfield sights are (Continued on page 58)

White-fronts Come at Daybreak

By Bert Popowski

IT HAD been cold for a week—bitterly cold. No violent atmospheric disturbance had brought it on. Rather, it was a gradual drift of icy air out of the North, day after day after day. Each morning the thermometer sagged a bit lower than it had the previous day; each noon found it unable to climb back quite as high.

The teal and the spoonbill were long gone and, before the week was out, the widgeon and pintails were also heading south. It took thick blood to be out in the frozen dawn and the ranks of early morning hunters suffered sudden decimation. Business seemed to demand much more attention than it had in past weeks, and hunting small talk told of a tremendous southbound flight of waterfowl, a flight reported by untraceable hearsay. I was willing to believe it but not Morgan Drake, my hunting partner.

"Watson Beed was in today," was the way he hauled me from behind the evening paper. "He told me there are several flocks of Canadas still on the Sand Lake Refuge. And he also told me of a little bunch of white-fronted geese that are sticking it out."

My ears shot up at that for, though we'd had inordinately fine luck in bringing in ducks, and had bagged nearly a score of geese, not one of them had been a prized white-front, that gourmet's delight. Too, this cold wave would soon wash them out of the country and this would probably be our last chance at them.

"I've only got a half-tankful of gas in the car," I warned.

"I'll take mine," he offered. "Been saving up for just this sort of spot. You bring the lunch, we'll have breakfast downtown, and we'll stay long enough to pick up a limit of pheasants on the way."

"I'll be ready at seven," I offered.

"You'll be ready at 5:30," he corrected.

"No sane man needs go out that early. Why, legal shooting time isn't until nearly eight o'clock."

"You want to get a pair of white-fronts, or you want to hunt by the book?" Well, when he put it that way, there was only one answer.

The next morning it was a matter of minutes to tote out a shell box loaded with two quarts of hot coffee and a cargo of substantial sandwiches. A camera bag followed suit and I climbed in, tucking my pet Ithaca between my knees and carefully checking the last double hand-

fuls of shells loaded with chilled Z's.

The all-night restaurant where we pulled up for breakfast was disconcertingly empty. A half-dozen laborers were hunched over their breakfasts but, off in one booth, we spied another brace of goose hunters. Coffee, cakes and sausage were polished off in the space of minutes and I felt more able to face the bite of the freezing outside air.

Morgan swung the car off on a side street at the first corner and I looked askance at this maneuver, for our trail lay straight out of town.

"Good idea not to telegraph our destination," he explained. "This way they'll not know where we're going and we might have less competition."

Even at gas-rationing's curtailed speed, the icy air seemed to rush by, forcing itself into every cranny. I loosened my heavy clothes as much as possible and relaxed, leaving the driving up to Morgan. Only when he dragged out his odoriferous pipe did I lend a hand at the steering wheel until he got the smoker burning.

"THIS field," he explained, between gurgling puffs, "is one that I've been keeping an eye on all fall. It doesn't look like much and it's not far off the Refuge. As a result the birds pop over the fence and are in the feeding field before they're in the air five minutes. So, unless you happen to be looking right at the spot, you can miss them for a week at a time."

"How about the farmer?" I wondered. "Will he let us hunt there?"

Morgan smiled, reminisciently.

"All fixed," he admit-

ted, smugly. "His wife is a customer of mine and I sent her a two-pound box of candy two weeks ago. Yesterday she was in the store, thanked me for the candy, and . . . how do you suppose I found out about these white-fronts using the field?"

Sure enough, when we swung into the neat farmyard the kitchen window was already alight. A door opened briefly and a man's figure came toward us, hushing a barking dog en route. Morgan ran down his window and the dawn air rushed into the car.

"Better come in for some breakfast," suggested the farmer. "See you didn't lose any time in getting out here."

"Were they out here yesterday?"

"Morning and night," nodded the farmer. "Come on in, where it's warm."

"I'm afraid we'll have to hurry to be



With a limit of white-fronted geese on his stringer, the writer watches high flying mollards start south.

ahead of them," declined Morgan. "They might slip in a bit early, since it's such a clear morning."

"Got the coffee waiting for you," insisted the farmer. "Mabel will be kinda put out if she has to waste it on me," he grinned.

SO WE trooped into a spick and span kitchen, sat up to a red-checkered table, and gulped two cups of steaming coffee apiece. But, within a half-hour, Morgan was carefully handing me five mounted decoys, to be supplemented by a dozen three-dimension cloth decoys and a like number of plywood silhouettes. The whole would make an impressive spread, especially in a field that had been hogged down so severely that only a few scattered stubs of cornstalk remained upright.

"They love these barren fields where not even a hen pheasant can hide," chuckled Morgan, laying out hunting coat, gun and shells.

"That's just what I wondered about. Where are we going to hide?"

"Drive this car back to the farmyard. I'll have the decoys set out and the blinds

would lower my body thickness below the surface of the vegetation and that was the main thing. Too, there was a little windrow of wind-piled corn stalks nearby and it was the work of minutes to fit my body into the furrow and lay enough stalks across it to effectively break its bulk into smaller and less visible segments.

"Ten minutes to go," shouted Morgan as I walked over to get my gun and hunting coat. "I'm a little higher so I'll keep watch of the Refuge and yell when they show."

"If they show," I yelled back, against the roar of an unusually heavy gust of wind. "If they're smart they're down in Arkansas by now."

I twisted and squirmed into my hunting coat, which I'd painted with criss-crossing black lines earlier in the fall, and slid down into the shallow slot in the ground. As soon as I got out of the wind the cold was appreci-



That pained expression was a tribute to a sharp wind blowing steadily from the north.

Two white-fronted geese shot by Morgan fell conveniently in among the stuffed decoys.

Out of several bags of geese, we didn't kill one white-front until this early morning hunt.



spotted by the time you get back. Better hurry; dawn is about 25 minutes away and so is legal shooting time."

I backed the car around and drove it back over the same track, to leave as little trace of its passing as possible. Geese have sharp eyes and the late-season white-fronts were likely better educated in man-made traps than most. I dog-trotted all the way back to the setup and my blood was running full and warm. Morgan was just slipping into a knee-high shelter of tumbleweed some 50 yards downwind of the decoy setup.

"Aren't you quite a ways away from those decoys?" I demanded. "The wind will hold them up some, but they might swing and cut in from either side to miss us entirely."

"It's a matter of using what we have in the way of natural cover. This spot is located in a tiny depression, and there's another across the field, nearly 100 yards away. We'll have to cover up as best we can and trust to this wind to bring them in so low they won't see us."

The cover he'd selected for me was none too good, but the slash of black furrow

ably reduced and I slipped two loads of 2's into the gun, chambered one and then added the third to the magazine.

THE gun went beside me in the pit and then I lay back to discover the sharp protuberances in the frozen ground which would have to be dulled. But the soil was so mellow that a little squirming sufficed and I picked up several cornstalks and laid them in a criss-crossing pattern across my body. That, and a few handfuls of pigeon grass, would have to suffice.

By sitting up I could barely see Morgan's blind and I was certain I couldn't hear him if he yelled. But he was sitting up, facing into the wind, and with his binoculars examining the Refuge from where the white-fronts would come—if they came. So, by watching him, I would have ample warning, unless he failed to. (Continued on page 73)



I noted out of the corner of my eye that my two fellow Waltonites were watching with great expectancy

Illustrations by Ramon Cheson

Dime Out

By Kenneth H. Smith

THEY laughed when I hauled out my fishing tackle.

It was not a polite laugh. It was a horse laugh. A bronch's cheer.

But they paid through the other side of the nose before I finished. He who laughs bared, laughs last, like I often say.

In order not to go off $\frac{1}{2}$ cocked on this incidence, I will give you a little background. My mother with well meant lack of forbearance named me Knowles after a remote forebear. In my youthhood my little playmates dubbed me Knowlesy, which was later corrupted to Knowsey. This was a fitten nickname for one of my mental caliper, but it was a misfortunate nickname for another reason, namely on acct. of me being cursed with an oversize nose, so unformed persons often mistake my name for Nosey.

So I am use to being laughed at by large, incouth truck drivers and etc., who can reticule an unpossessing, unassuring resident like I without indangering there wellbeing. As a matter, of course, I usually let there degoratory remarks roll like ducks back off the water, and bide my time. Even a worm will turn the tables, like I often say.

But to get back to the train of my story, when I broke out with my emergency bass tackle, I $\frac{1}{2}$ expected the hyenic laughter which issued from my two boone companions, Fritz and Orv. Still, it was unpolite, as we are often all in the same boat, as flashermen often are.

"Hey, Orv, Knowsey's been having himself a dime," said Fritz, amidst bursts of merrymint.

"Yeah," said Orv, braying like the jaw-bone of an ass, "he must of bought heavy in Wellworth stock."



I only gave them a weathering look and repeated a line which came to my mind like a flash in the pan:

"It counts not what you lend or lease, but how you play your game, and also your fish. Remember, my short-feathered friend, the time may come when this will be a horse of a different collar."

MAYHAPS you are wondering at what I am driving at. Well, I once read how a story ought to contain an element of suspension, which I will now relieve you of. Whiles in a weak moment, I allowed myself to lend-lease my casting rods, reels, plugs and etc. to a friend who was going on a vacation trip, and kept only a flyrod and a few lures with which to lure the finny denizens whiles he was gone.

Having thus in so foolhardy a manner burned my britches behind me, I left me out on a spot when Orv reported that he had uncovered a lake where there were bass as long as your arm, but you had to fish them with a casting rod, on acct. of the nature of the turcen, trees and snags, not permitting you to flay the lake with a flyrod, and would I like to try it?

But I was never one to be hilked by details, so slashing through this unsurmountable obstacle with one fell blow I walked to the dime store, as the hr. was growing late and there was no time to borrow an outfit, and bought a rod, reel and line for a total outlaying of less than \$1, cash, my wife and a slick encyclopedia salesman who doped me into buying a set of books having divided almost everything else that was left of my weakly stuped, as I call it. So early the next

a.m. at dawn, there we were on the bank of the lake, ready to fish.

Mayhaps a less ingenuous person would of run into trouble putting that outfit together, but not me. They were giggling like a pair of historical giggelos after I hauled out my tackle, but turning my back in icecold scorn on my jibbering mismates, I calmly went about my work.

The rod was in two sections, which screwed together as if made for the purpose, which I suppose they were, although not exactly of a match, as when screwed tight, the guides did not line up true.

When they saw I was dead in earnest, Fritz said: "I will gladly lend you the loan of my extra rod and reel, having no use for them, as I am not ambiguous."

But I only told him, "I am not interested in your marital statistics. I will use my own, thank you."

By then I was fastening the reel on its seat, which I accomplished it by using my knife to pare away part of the gripper, and then broke off a couple of matches for wedges to hold the reel solid, it was a very workmanship job.

When I had disantangled the line and put it on the reel and not forgotten to knot a hunk of leader above my yellow wooden plug which cost me 23 cents plus sales tax, and all ready to go, some time had lapsed, and Orv was already battling a fine fish of the order *Micropterus*.

That whittied my appetite, and as he landed his fish, I sniffled the air like a warhorse eager to advance into the affray and show those two fine fellows that the race is not always to the swift. A ½ block down the bank I saw a spot where a log

was laved by the waves, and with hope spurning me on, I hurried towards it, but maintaining a simblance of outwardly calm.

I noted out of the cornea of my eye that my two fellow Waltonites, as I call them, were watching with great expectation, so I put extra care in my cast, remembering the fine points of the art. Wrist flexible, elbow close in at the side, reel handle up, point rod tip towards target, bring rod back, and let her go, using the spring of the rod.

But alas, instead of the plug sailing way out beyond the log as you might righteously expect, it inscribed a short ark whiles the reel buzzed like a timber rattler with an acheing fang, and the yellow plug plunged into the water with a disenbeartening splash, and bobbed to the surface at best only 5 yds. away.

FRITZ and Orv did not say anything. But they did make sounds. One of them whistled and the other one took his clue and made a noise which is called a bird, but not like any bird call with which I am familiar with.

Untaunted by my misfortune, I started to peck away at the lashback on my reel, whiles I explained: "It always takes a fellow a little while to get use to a new outfit. I'll bet you did not do any better or even that good when you first started using your tackle."

"No," said my (Continued on page 72)

"Mon was meent to stoy on lond and let the fish have the water."



Shotgun Etiquette

By Fred Etchen

Nationally Famous Shooting Instructor

IN this article, the last of this series on shotgun shooting and safety, I am going to enumerate some of my pet hunting hates. In doing this, I am not trying to get some grudges off my chest. My object is merely to put across a point or two of hunting etiquette. In many years of hunting I have found that these hates are not peculiar to me alone. They are harbored by virtually the entire hunting fraternity, strangely enough also by those whose thoughtless offenses against the unwritten laws of courtesy in the field have spawned and nurtured these "hates."

Most hunters don't deliberately set out to be bad sports. They desire the respect and friendship of their fellow hunters as much as any man. Yet this type is always with us, many of them, possibly, because they never have been taught the error of their ways.

The hunter should always keep this little maxim before him:

It is just as important to be a good sportsman in the field as it is to be a good shot. Probably it is more important.

In their zeal to kill, and incidentally display their shooting prowess, many hunters are apt to forget the little niceties of the field. They overlook the fact that the same values obtain there as in all other walks of life. Thus, the man who favors his shooting partner, even though just a little—in a word, who carries ordinary courtesy into the field—is always regarded more highly than the man who is freely acknowledged to be a great shot but takes advantage of every opportunity to kill game and "to heck" with his shooting partner.

Wrong. (Top) Gun is carried carelessly and top side up across the shoulder, barrel so low a quick swing could bump the head or face of a shooter walking behind.



Correct. Gun is slung over the shoulder upside down. Barrel is pointed upward slightly, high enough to miss a gunner in the rear. Fred Etchen is in front; left to right, behind, are Walter Snider, Mott Kelch and Harry Schomerus, manager of the Lincoln Park Gun Club, Chicago, Illinois.



Three comfortable and perfect gun positions as the hunters start to walk across a field. Though each position is different, any of the guns can be brought quickly to the shooter's shoulder for rapid work.

How right-handed and left-handed shooters should pair off in the field. The right-hander should be on the left, the left-hander on the right. This gives less interference and trouble with cross-firing. Each shooter should shoot only at game that is on his side.



And now for a few pet hunting hates.

Don't you hate to go hunting with a man who runs on ahead when he finds a dog on point, flushes the game and takes his shots? Wouldn't you much rather hunt with a man who, seeing the dogs on a point, will call his fellow hunters so that all of them have an equal chance when the game is flushed? The latter man is what you call a sportsman and, incidentally, a friend.

DON'T you hate to see a duck hunter shooting at ducks clear out of range? Maybe he kills one once in a while but he wounds many and he gives no one else a chance to get a shot within reasonable range. This hunter can, and does, spoil an entire hunting trip for all the gunners around him. But he either never learns, or doesn't care. He is roundly hated by all good sportsmen. He ruins more hunts than drouth and disease and predators put together.

Don't you hate to go hunting with a game hog? That's what I call the man which shoots at everything in sight, never giving his shooting pals a chance if he can help it. This man is always shooting game

out from under the other fellow's gun, and as often as not he'll brag about it. Let's put the Indian sign on this man, not only for our own peace of mind and a fair chance at the game, but to conserve the game supply.

And don't you hate to go hunting with a man who claims everything that falls? I have hunted with people who would fire at everything in sight and claim everything that fell, even though four times out

of five I would know and he would know that he really did not shoot at what fell.

A SPORTSMAN who will kill a reasonable amount of game and who sees that his hunting partner has an equal chance to kill game is the man I want to hunt with. The man who is an excellent shot and in his smart way tries to hog the deal by shooting at everything that gets up can hunt alone, as far as I am concerned.

In many cases our true sportsman is not the best shot. But even though he kills a few less birds, he has the greater satisfaction of knowing that he has contributed to an enjoyable day afield for his hunting pals. Even though he is the finest shot in the county, the true sportsman would rather see his shooting pals kill game than kill it himself. This doesn't mean he should come back from a hunt empty-handed. Courtesy in the field doesn't mean an Alphonse

and Gaston act. The good sportsman can usually come in with a bag limit or as much game as the other hunters because his fellow hunters will usually extend to him the same courtesies.

Now let's talk about the farmer or rancher who, if he does not under the common law really own the game we shoot, at least produces it on his land. This necessity of hunting on another's land certainly involves (Continued on page 58)



Frank Sargent, over 85, and but slightly over 100 pounds, found the thick cover suited to his short-range ex-flintlock, handled with affection.

"Back in those days it was a rifle—or rather, the nearest thing they had to rifles then. It was a flintlock, and had about a foot more barrel."

The Kid Goes Ringnecking



By R. M. Blackman

FRANK SARGENT, a lean, wiry youngster of 85 years and but slightly over 100 pounds, hopped nimbly out the right door of the parked car and quickly drew his ancient firearm from its lengthy canvas case. Carl Sheets slid out the left side, paying no attention to the enthusiastic nimrod, nor the arm he would use on ringnecks.

"The old gun has quite a historical background," Frank was saying, half to himself.

I studied the expression on the wrinkled face of the slight hunter, as he enjoyed the feel of the arm, and pointed it at various objects. It was evident that his feeling for the gun was very close to affection.

"It had a part in the taking of Quebec," he continued.

"It had a part in the taking of Q-U-E-W-H-A-T?" Carl asked in surprise, as he came running around the front of the car.

"It had a part in the taking of Quebec," Frank repeated. "In those days it was a rifle—or rather, the nearest thing they had to rifles then. It was a flintlock, and believe it or not, it had about a foot more barrel."

"Ever kill a ringneck with it?" Carl asked.

Frank's answer of "Oh, yes—occasionally" was not very convincing to Carl.

"It'll be an interesting experiment to watch," Carl decided, as we started out.

We had agreed to hunt a field of machine-husked corn first. Very seldom is such a field a good place for a hunter to use a small gauge or any short range gun. The field had been so well cultivated that there was scarcely any grass or weeds among the flattened corn stalks. But Frank, like any good soldier, was game to do his best with the equipment at hand.

Frank took off briskly, walking out to

the end of the line agreed upon, and without the least hesitancy, started across the cornfield.

"He's an interesting old chap," Carl remarked, "must be close to 70 years old... Look at 'im leg it across that field."

"One of the most interesting characters I've ever known. That kid will be 86 his next birthday, and don't take too much comfort in my statement about his age, because we've got a strenuous half day ahead in matching his stride."

Frank was nearly half way across the field, Carl and I were far to his rear, when we heard the dull black powder B-O-O-M of the ex-flintlock. Partly hidden by a cloud of smoke, we could see Frank, but unfortunately he had failed to stop his speeding ringneck. He quickly went to work with his reloading, and when Carl noted this activity from the distance, he turned to me and laughed.

"Glad the kid does not have an automatic, or he'd run us down in less'n an hour," Carl said.

BY the time Frank had his charge accurately measured, well rammed and primed, we were about 20 yards ahead and to the right of his position but, looking around, I noted that he was again under way.

Near the end of the field, three cock birds shot out about 50 yards ahead of Carl and me. Carl let go two ineffective blasts, and the situation was still unchanged after I had fired my right barrel. But when I let off my left barrel, in a 60-yard attempt, feathers flew and my ringneck dropped with a thump.

"He'll stay put," Carl remarked, but Frank merely turned his attention our way momentarily and increased his speed toward the end of the field.

I picked up my bird near the end of the corn rows, and although we immediately swung around Frank's position, he was already in the lead and gaining. I wanted to see this eager outdoorsman make a kill but, in such open cover with some wind and such wild flushing birds, it seemed near the impossible.

"Look at 'im go, Carl!" I called, as the fast-stepping niturod seemed to increase

speed step by step.

"We've got to lay our ears back and get down to business," Carl decided, putting on a bit more speed in order to gain a few yards. "Hope something flushes ahead of 'im, so he'll have to give Old Quebec a re-fill."

Frank was perhaps 75 yards from the end of the field, and we were at least that far behind him and to his right, when four hens flushed ahead of him. Ten yards farther on, two cock birds took the air about 40 yards ahead of Frank, who fired very quickly. This time, he drew a few feathers from one of the pair.

While the re-loading operation was in progress off to our left and ahead, Carl and I finally drew up

even with the busy hunter, then continued slowly toward the end of the field. When we stopped to wait for Frank, three hens flushed a short distance behind us, and a little later, two more.

At the end of the field Carl held the inside pivot, while Frank and I swung around to his left. I waited for Frank to come in behind me

and draw up even before starting across the field.

We had gone nearly across the field without any ringnecks showing up, and then from a little knoll about 75 yards from the end of the field, three cock birds flushed and went rocketing away over the flattened cornstalks. A little later two cocks and a hen went up, and from a point 30 yards in front of Carl and me, a single cock swung out into a wide curve. Carl and I saluted the single bird with two guns each, but he was not the least bit delayed or injured.

"And still some hunters argue they kill 'em with a .410," Carl remarked. "I'd have to see it done."

"It's possible, but not probable," I answered. "Conditions would have to be just right, and they're not right very often."

WE reached the end of the cornfield without anything of importance happening. We promptly swung around where Frank had been, as he was headed back toward the other end of the field. In making our last trip through the flattened stalks, we speeded up in order to overtake Frank. We couldn't seem to gain a step, for Frank had maintained his speed till he was getting dangerously near a patch of unhusked corn. This patch was about 12 rods square, and was in a low spot where it had been too wet for the machine to operate. It just wouldn't do to let him in there (Continued on page 87)



Three birds in the hand are worth many in the cornfield, especially on windy days, or whenever they flush wildly.



Carl picks up his bird. "Now," he said, "that should take care of that white-collared boy. They oughta be room in there for another one." He got another one, and then another, completing his legal bag limit of three cocks.



Mrs. Sutton with her big fish. Dr. Sutton is standing on the left.

GRANDMOTHER Tries the Panuco

By Dr. Richard L. Sutton

TAMPICO is the leading port of Mexico, and is situated on the north bank of the Panuco River, about six miles from the Gulf of Mexico. The city owes much of its prominence to the fact that four of the most productive oil fields in the country, the Ebano, Panuco, Huasteca and Tuxpam, all lie within less than 100 miles of its site. These fields temporarily are practically

deserted, but it is only a question of time until they are again in production.

The city is located in the southeast corner of the State of Tamaulipas, and to the sportsman it is important because it is the base for some of the best fishing and small game shooting on the entire North American Continent. The Panuco may rightfully be considered the Winter Capital of the

The Panuco is sparkling,
The tarpon leap and play,
The sun is high, the cloudless sky
Proclaims a perfect day.

Their brief siestas ended,
The boatmen cease to nod,
There's work to do, for more than two,
When Grandma swings a rod!

—Mexican Holiday

tarpon Kingdom. The best months are February, March and April, although May sometimes can be included.

Good tarpon fishing also is to be had at Vera Cruz, Tuxpam and Tampico, but when it comes to record fish, the Panuco easily holds first place. Owing to its accessibility, particularly by air, Tampico is destined to become headquarters for Silver King enthusiasts the world over.

The cost of an airway ticket from Brownsville is little more than the taxi fare from Corpus Christi to Port Aransas. Living expenses in Mexico are minimal.

IN ADDITION to tarpon, giant snook are to be found in both the Panuco and the Tamed, while just off the mainland, red snapper, mackerel and similar panfish abound. It is truly an angler's paradise.

Acting on the experienced advice of my old and dear friend, the late Dr. John Alexander Lowe Waddell, bridge engineer and sportsman, I first investigated the possibilities of the Panuco in 1920. Since then I have made several fruitful visits to this territory and have never been disappointed.

Through the kindness of Senor Pancho Pier, the premier big game angler of Mexico, I was so fortunate as to procure the services of Captain Rodolfo Peralta, of Tampico, who is not only the most skilled and able tarpon fisherman that I have ever met, but is also a gentleman of the old school, courteous, cultured, kindly and hospitable. It was a lucky day for me when I won the friendship and esteem of Rodolfo Peralta.

At Tampico, one generally employs an English speaking cicerone, such as Captain Peralta, who, in turn, engages a boatman to take care of the problems of navigation. On paper, this may appear complicated, but in reality, one secures excellent service, the use of a fine 24-foot boat, together with a motor car, and good company, all for the astounding total of \$12 a day! Visitors from the United States were never more welcome in Mexico than at present, and for this reason I felt sure that my little 1943 expedition was going to be a successful one from the moment I stepped on the plane.

My wife, who has always been the lucky angler in our family, planned to join me later. Before she arrived, I had the pleasure of entertaining, in succession, Dr. Andrew L. Skoog, the famous neuropsychiatrist of Kansas City, who not only psychoanalyzed the fish, but also succeed-



Dr. Andrew L. Skoog and tarpon.



Tony, the boatman, and Captain Peralto.

ed in running up a score of about two to my one for every day of the week he stayed.

I found Dr. Skoog practically free of inhibitions, an important factor in dealing with Panuco tarpon. He who hesitates is lost, and if you do not succeed in hooking a fish the instant it touches a hook, you had as well call it a day, and start looking for another victim.

MY SON-IN-LAW, Lewis Moore, of McAllen, Texas, came next, and he, too, taught the Silver Kings a much needed lesson.

Mr. Leo Edward Owens, of Carmel by the Sea, and Harlingen, followed Lewis, and I picked up a lot of good ideas from him. Mr. Owens proved to be as expert with the rod and reel as he is with the editorial pencil, and, like the fine sports-

man he is, when he hooked a tarpon he invariably turned it loose. A noble example for the neophyte.

The local newspapers had been very kind to us and, when Mrs. Sutton arrived, everyone was interested. Her aureole of white hair and her tan slacks created a sensation on Main street. At the airport, Senora Peralta headed a reception committee, and when the band struck up, Mama's fellow passengers were greatly impressed. On the previous day, I had snagged a couple of nice, plump six and a half footers, and these beauties, properly arranged, decorated the entrance to the airport.

In April, the best fishing is to be had at "Tarpon Bend," 18 miles up the River, and at "Little Africa," just below the Bend. We spent much of our time at these two locations, leaving our boat at the nearby

pumping station, in charge of one of our men at night.

The fish strike only spoons, or plugs, and bite only during the afternoon. I have wasted hours trying to feed them mullet, at all times of the day.

In order to facilitate matters, we would have luncheon in (Continued on page 58)

The beautiful fish means food for a week for this peon and his family.



Lewis Moore of McAllen, Texas, and Captain Peralto on the fishing launch



4 Methods of Dressing Wild Ducks

By Wayne M. Judy

WILD DUCKS of the various species enjoy two distinctions that can be credited to no other game birds on the American continent. These two distinctions, both of them justly deserved are, first, that they furnish far more shooting pleasure than any other bird that flies, and second that they are responsible for more cuss words than all other game birds combined. The enjoyment supreme comes in the blind when a flock of bluebills or mallards set their wings over the decoys. The cuss words come at home in the basement, woodshed, or garage when the ordeal of dressing is taking place. In the blind you say, "Why didn't I get more?" and in the basement, "Why did I get so many?"

No magazine article, even with illustrated instructions, can remove all of the grief from dressing ducks, for it is, in so many words, just a darn hard job. Some sportsmen say they enjoy it, but even these few undoubtedly have their fingers crossed when they make such a statement. The writer of this material, being one of those in the vast majority of duck hunters who never was in love with the job, decided to collect all of the information that he could about the various methods used and perhaps in some way he could evolve a scheme that would help remove the black marks from the grand sport of duck hunting.

Four different methods collected from various sources were studied and very patiently tried out and the conclusion reached was the one started out with, that there is no easy method, but that in some cases one method worked better than the others. This being the case, all four methods experimented with will be described with the hope in mind that some place in this material, duck hunters will find a few ideas that will take away at least some of the difficulties encountered between the blinds and the roasting oven.

The first method, and perhaps the most often used, is that of first dry picking and then scraping after the bird has been dipped in paraffin. It has very definite advantages over the other three ways and perhaps should be recommended as the best method in common use.

The feathers are first removed by hand plucking. Use a rolling movement with the thumb and first finger and remove as much of the down as possible. When this is completed, pull out all of the larger feathers and then cut off the head and wings. A pair of tin-cutting shears will be found easier for this job than the commonly used knife.

After this rough picking is completed, the birds, if not already cold, should be allowed to cool thoroughly before dipping



1. Roll the feathers off between the thumb and the first finger



2. After dry picking, submerge duck in paraffin and withdraw



3. After the poroffin is cold, it should be scraped off with knife



4. Tin snips excel knife for cutting off wings, head and legs.



5. After picking, use blow torch to singe the duck conveniently.



6. For wet picking or steaming, submerge duck in steaming water.

in the paraffin. In preparing the paraffin, it is not at all necessary to melt an entire kettle full as is so often thought. This is one of the reasons why this method of dressing ducks has been classed by many as being too expensive to use for just a few birds.

ONE bar of wax is enough for several birds and, in fact, can be used over and over again. The secret of this operation is first to heat a kettle or bucket of water until it is steaming hot, and then drop in the paraffin. The paraffin melts at once and being lighter than water, forms a film over the top. This film should be at least one-eighth of an inch thick. As soon as the wax is melted, hold the duck by its feet and submerge until entirely covered to the knee joint.

Immediately after dunking, the bird should be slowly withdrawn, and it will be found that the duck is completely incased in a coat of cold, hard wax that, when scraped off with a knife, takes with it all of the down, fuzz, and most of the pin feathers.

After the wax has been removed, the bird is ready to be drawn. This operation is the same no matter which plucking method is used. Simply remove all the entrails, heart, gizzard, and lungs the same as in any fowl. Be sure to save the gizzard and liver for they add much to the giblet gravy or stuffing.

After drawing, wash thoroughly with water, using, if possible, a garden hose so that the force will completely clean out the body cavity. To further remove all traces of blood and to improve the flavor of the ducks when cooked, they should now be allowed to soak in cold water to which has been added a generous pinch of salt and baking soda.

The second method of dressing and one which is not commonly used is that of dry picking as clean as possible and then singeing or burning off the fuzz with a blow torch. This method is recommended if the birds are killed late in the season when they are past the pin feather stage. The bird should be first dry picked as clean as possible, and then singed with the clean blue flame of a blow torch. You will find that this removes the remaining fuzz and down like magic. This method is especially useful if you have just two or three ducks to clean and do not



7. Step one in skinning a duck is to remove the feathers and skin from the breast. Advantages are speed and elimination of pin feathers.

wish to go to the trouble of heating water and melting paraffin. One caution: do not try to remove pin feathers with the flame, for if it is held in one spot even for a short period, it burns the skin and possibly the flesh. The pin feathers in all cases should be removed with a pair of tweezers or a knife.

The third method, and one preferred by many above all others, is that of wet picking or steaming. Ducks, because their

feathers are waterproof, cannot be scalded and picked like a pheasant, grouse, or quail, but if steamed can be picked very nicely. This method can be described as the best, if the cleaning must be done in a place where loose feathers floating around would bring down the wrath of friend wife. If using the steaming method, simply wrap the entire bird in a burlap bag and submerge in water that is steaming hot, but not boiling. Leave it in the water for between three and five minutes, depending on the temperature of the water, and then remove and pick as fast as possible before the duck gets cool. A little experimentation may be necessary because if the duck stays in the water too long, or if the water is too hot, the skin will tear when the feathers are pulled.

The last method to be described and the one used the least often, is that of skinning. When this procedure is used, the skin and all the feathers are removed in one operation. Simply start by cutting a small place through the skin at the base of the neck on the breast side. Hold the bird by the head with one hand, insert the fingers of the other in the cut and pull toward the tail. With most species of ducks, just one pull is all that is necessary

to skin the entire breast. After this first operation is finished, place the thumbs on the breast, the fingers on the back and just push the bird up and completely out of its own skin. The wings can then be cut off where they meet the body, or if desired, can be skinned out and saved.

If ducks are thin, or if they are young and tender, the meat sometimes has a tendency to tear when pulling the skin off. If this is the case, it may be necessary to cut a little with a sharp knife or razor blade at the place where the tearing starts or at the point where the flesh meets the skin. This tearing only happens on the breast and is easily overcome with just a few strokes of the knife.



8. Ready for the oven—and (important) no ration points are required.

THERE are certain advantages and disadvantages that should be kept in mind when deciding whether or not to prepare ducks by skinning. The advantages are speed and the elimination entirely of the pin feather menace. Ducks very definitely can be dressed faster by skinning than any other way in common use. As for the pin feathers, they (Continued on page 78)



The most notable of Alaska's big game is the giant moose, *Alces gigas*, largest of the deer family. The antlers sometimes attain a spread of six feet. Photo by Frederick W. Hollender.



This band of Rocky Mountain bighorn sheep appears at ease, perhaps sensing that their habitat in Jasper Park, Alberta, is protected. Jasper is the largest game preserve in Canada. In normal times, the surrounding country attracts big game hunters from afar

Just before these Canada geese went south with the flock, they were photographed on the shore of Flathead Lake, northwestern Montana.





Designs of duck boats vary with locale. Here is an old-timer doing service on Barnegat Bay, New Jersey

Two Philadelphians go gunning for ducks up the Delaware River at Tinicum Creek. Joe Maguire holds up the ducks far all to see, but Frank Kahler, the man with gun, may have shot them. Joe built the duck boat.





This American wapiti in Lamar Valley, Wyoming, has a magnificent rack of wide-beamed antlers.

A lake trout of 47 pounds must have been a weighty problem for Mr. Clayton Shupp when he landed it from Munising, Michigan, waters. While the world record lake trout weighed more, most fishermen are satisfied with anything over five pounds.





Fish and Wildlife Service photo

You are playing with fire if you violate any of the regulations governing the taking, possession and transportation of migratory waterfowl.

"The Agents Will Get You!"

An Editorial

"THE AGENTS will get you if you don't watch out!"

Yes, sir! U. S. Game Management Agents are like a peppy bloodhound with a keen nose! They will follow the slightest lead as surely and persistently as a good hound follows the two-day old scent of the escaped convict. They love cold trails, and follow them for weeks and months to the final lair of the pursued. Starting with no information other than an automobile license number, they have convicted violators guilty of shooting on Federal refuges. A chance remark in a public place has brought to the bar of justice the principals in a goose-shooting violation in another state. One little slip in the well-laid plans of an organized gang has resulted in the fine and imprisonment of market hunters and their customers across half the nation! You are playing with fire if you violate any of the regulations governing the taking, possession and transportation of migratory fowl. "The Agents will get you if you don't watch out!"

What's that? They'll never get you because you never violate Federal regulations? Well, maybe so, but we will lay you ten to one that you don't know the law of the land well enough to take full advantage of your legal shooting rights and yet stay out of trouble indefinitely!

Do you know when a duck stamp is required and when it is not? If you are over 16 you must have a federal stamp to hunt ducks, geese or brant, but you do not need a stamp to hunt coot, rail, doves, or woodcock. Remember too, that you must validate your duck stamp by signing your name in ink or with an indelible pencil across the face of it. It is unlawful to hunt waterfowl with a stamp that has not been validated, and the penalties for this

seemingly trivial offense are severe. This bears watching.

If you live in a state that permits you to hunt on your own land without a state hunting license, remember that this exception does not apply to the federal duck stamp. A farmer, shooting waterfowl in his own pond, must have a duck stamp.

Do you know that you are not permitted to bring home from Canada—or Mexico—more ducks than our regulations permit you to possess, even though the laws of our neighboring nations allow you to take and possess a greater number?

Do you know that sinkboxes are prohibited, but that the term "sinkbox" is held not to include a box or barrel or other contrivance placed on shore, on the bottom of a marsh, or a barrel weighted down in water off shore and sunk in the mud or held in place by driven stakes? The term sinkbox is held to be any floating device, especially the type formerly used on the Atlantic Coast, which was really a sort of boat built to accommodate one or two men and which was anchored in water of some depth and weighted down with heavy material so that the top of the sinkbox rode very close to the surface of the water. The sinkbox was usually anchored in open water and a "set" of decoys made around it.

Do you know that you can pursue waterfowl in a row-boat, canoe or other hand-propelled craft for the purpose of "jump-shooting," but that you can not use these crafts for the purpose of "driving" birds over some shooting point or to concentrate them in some spot where they will have to fly back over you? This may seem like a fine distinction, but there is a dis- (Continued on page 84)



"Welcome home, Bob..."

DRY *Paul Jones*...a gentlemen's whiskey since 1865

THE DRYNESS of Paul Jones Whiskey...like the *dryness* of champagne...permits you to enjoy the full flavor, the full richness and mellowness of this truly great American whiskey. See for yourself, the next time you try

this superlative *dry* Paul Jones.

If you can't always get Dry Paul Jones...please be patient. We are trying to apportion our prewar stocks of Paul Jones to assure you a continu-

ing supply for the duration. Our distilleries are now 100% in the production of alcohol for rubber, explosives, and other war materials. (Our prices have not been increased—except for government taxes.)

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

BUCK SKIN

TRADE MARK

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

WEATHERPROOF FABRIC!

SUPPLY IS LIMITED! Here's why: Between the Buck Skin fabric, Du Pont sprays a thin film of precious rubber."

WARM FOR WAR WORK

Rear Admiral Byrd chose Buck Skin for his fight to the South Pole. What a proof of warmth! Several layers of unmet rubber insulate, as illustrated, are your barnies against icy blasts. Only 2½ pounds! A lightweight jacket for heavy War Work and heavy winters.

2 Watertight Seams

The inner seams (shown in the X-ray diagram) are sealed tight. Sealed with water-repellent tape. This secret Patented construction prevents ordinary leakage.

3 Fleece Lined for Extra Warmth. Workproof! Winterproof!

4 Windproof Chest Protector

By buttoning one flap over the other you get a double Buck Skin thickness across your chest—and double protection against the cold. A two-way Collar for Style or Storm.

5 Air Flow Pockets

The Jacket is so warm that it needs a vent to allow air to circulate and carry all excess perspiration. This pocket air permits you to reach your inner clothing pockets without unbuttoning the Jacket. The unbuttoned pockets are "air-cooled" by six eyelet ventilators.

IMPORTANT: Rubber is vital to Victory. On the battlefield it is needed for combatant tires or to make airplanes go faster. Buck Skin is needed against bullets. Yet Uncle Sam has granted me Rubber. Why? Because these Jackets are War Workers' Jackets. And Rubber sprayed under the fabric makes Buck Skin a miracle of water-resistance. Because the supply is so limited, please remember... when buying

ONLY ONE TO A FAMILY

WHAT I have attempted to tell you on this page is the inside story of Buck Skin and why it will keep you dry and warm. These Jackets are portrayed so true to life that you can almost feel how soft and pliable the Buck Skin fabric really is.

I hope you will excuse me for cutting up the Jacket a bit for the sake of illustrations, but, believe it or not, all those layers of rubber, see ①, are as thin as tissue. It is this very inner construction that retains the natural heat of your body and keeps you real warm. So warm, in fact, that a secret vent hidden in the pocket acts as a "cooling system," to carry off perspiration when a man's working hard outdoors. Whereas countless layers of clothes slow you up, Buck Skin's freedom speeds you up for Victory and keeps you well. And it wears like the hide of an armored tank. It took thousands of rubs on the laboratory's emery wheel to wear through. Yet Buck Skin is so soft, so pliable, so light. No matter how many times you wash it, Buck Skin comes up smiling as of old. It won't shrink or fade.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW (if your dealer is all sold out) and I'll rush your Jacket to you at once. Carrying charges prepaid. To my old Buck Skin customers and friends, yes, and to you Wives, Mothers and Sweethearts, I haven't many Buck Skins, so give where they are needed most.

As ever,

Buck Skin Joe

BUCK SKIN JOE, care of Lutzberg, Nast & Co., Inc., Manufacturer
212 Fifth Ave., Dept. J-13, New York 10, N. Y.

See that I get your Buck Skin Joe Jacket immediately.

Color: "Iceland" Blue ☐ "Honey" Brown ☐

SIZE: Measure Chest over shirt, have tags under arms not tight.....
Here's my \$5, check ☐ or money order ☐

Name.....

Address.....

A great part of Buck Skin's production is devoted to our Armed Forces—including protective Weather Clothing for the U.S. Navy.

WEATHERPROOF

FABRIC MADE WATER-RESISTANT BY DU PONT

You are at the prow of a Merchant Marine on the icy Atlantic. The wind is howling... biting... penetrating. The salty, frosty sea mist sprays its stinging dampness all about you. Yet you are warm.

Although crude rubber is mostly limited to War needs, a remarkable War Emergency inner coating, still made with real rubber, has been developed by Du Pont, which for all practical purposes will keep you reasonably dry in rain, snow or sleet. That is why even in these wartimes, I can still give you a Buck Skin worthy of its name.

\$5





This blazing fire is right for pictorial purposes only, but you get the aroma.

What's Cooking

By Clyde Baker

WHETHER your next trip is a week-end jaunt, an over-night hunting or fishing trip, or a longer stay in the deep woods—don't think you have to rough it to the extent of living on "sow beans and beans." A little mechanical ingenuity, knowledge of camp cooking, and previous preparation will result in variety in your camp menu which you may recall with regrets many a time later when dining on fine linen with silver.

Camp food—particularly in fall and winter—can well be a bit richer than one is accustomed to in daily city life; and somewhat heavier foods are easily assimilated in the more rigorous outdoor existence. Here are a few recipes worth remembering:

HUSH PUPPIES—When frying fish, save the deep fat in the pan, and make these succulent tidbits to top off the meal. Chop a small onion very fine and mix with 2 cups of coarse yellow cornmeal to which about $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour has been added as a binder. Salt lightly. Moisten with water, mold into balls an inch in diameter and drop into the smoking hot fat in which the fish were fried. Remove when nicely browned all over. Boy, oh boy!

CORN CAKES—An old standby, easily made, always welcome. When taking corn meal along, prepare it by adding 1 part flour to 3 parts corn meal. Add 1 teaspoon salt, 4 heaping teaspoons baking powder, and 1 heaping teaspoon sugar per quart. Carry in silk bags or friction-top tins. To prepare, add only water or diluted evaporated milk to form a stiff batter. Drop

by large spoonfuls on skillet with bacon fat, almost smoking hot. Turn when bubbling all over, and brown both sides. With bacon or sausage—or nothing else at all—there won't be no loasin' at it!

FRYIN' PAN BISCUITS—Prepare your flour, as a matter of convenience, before leaving for camp. To each quart of flour add 6 heaping teaspoons good baking powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup powdered whole milk (Klim) and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup good vegetable shortening. Mix all ingredients except the powdered milk, blending in the shortening thoroughly and work through sifter repeatedly; then add the powdered milk and sift once more. Pack in friction top tin cans and keep in cool place.

Add cold water to a sufficient quantity of this mixture to make a stiff dough. Avoid kneading—mix barely enough to moisten through. Work into small cakes $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick, and fry in iron skillet over live coals, propping the skillet a few inches above the coals. Fresh bacon fat is best for frying. Turn when necessary, browning both sides. You'll come back for seconds, brother!

OVEN BISCUITS—In case you have a camp oven, biscuits may be made from the same prepared flour mixture used in Fryin' Pan Biscuits by merely adding additional shortening—about $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful and blending thoroughly before adding water to moisten. Cut into rounds or squares as desired after rolling dough about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick, or make into a single large "flatcake" with top criss-crossed with a sharp knife. Before putting into oven, coat top with bacon grease or evaporated milk (undiluted), and bake until nicely browned. Try to wait until it's done before eating—a difficult thing to do once you catch the aroma from the oven.

SQUIRREL MULLIGAN WITH DUMPLINGS—Three or four young squirrels, cleaned and unjointed. (A real epicure will include the heads, with eyes removed, heads carefully cleaned, and skulls cracked. No flavor on earth equals that of squirrel brains, and the tidbits of meat from the heads!)

Put into large pot or kettle filled with water, and simmer until partly tender. Salt to taste, add plenty of coarse-ground black pepper, a large onion sliced, two or three slices smoked bacon, a few potatoes, and anything else you like or have in the way of vegetables or seasoning. Keep adding water as it cooks down too thick, and cook slowly until the meat falls off the bones. Remove all bones.

For the dumplings: Take the required amount of the prepared biscuit flour previously described and mix to a stiff batter with diluted condensed milk or water. A well beaten egg, if available, or a heaping tablespoonful of dried powdered egg, will improve the dumplings. Bring the stew to a brisk boil and drop in the dumpling batter by large spoonfuls, cooking under cover only until light and tender. This is the most delicious dish on earth—bar none!

DRIED BEEF—Dried beef is an easily carried, nutritious, tasty, and valuable camp food. It usually comes in sealed packages, and sliced very thin; but for the long trip, have your butcher obtain it for you in the solid piece. It keeps well even in hot weather if covered and



Boiling the kettle is always a pleasant break in the trail day.

kept moderately cool, and may be made into many delicious camp dishes.

DRIED BEEF HASH—Cut off desired quantity, about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick. Chop fine; parboil in pan for two or three minutes to remove excess salt; pour off water, brown the beef in bacon fat. Remove meat to another pan; cook finely chopped pre-cooked potatoes and onion in same grease until nearly done; add 1 well beaten egg, or tablespoonful of egg powder, mixed with water; add the dried beef, stir all together, and brown well in the pan, lifting and turning frequently. Good eatin'.

DRIED BEEF SAUTE—A tasty snack when you come in hungry. Shave off thin slices, and brown quickly until crisp, in a very little bacon fat. Goes swell with hot oven biscuits.

CREAMED CHIPPED BEEF—Saute as above, remove from grease, and blend 1 or 2 heaping tablespoonfuls flour into grease, until well browned. Remove from fire, add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water and stir until flour is well blended. Add slowly, stirring all the time, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water mixed with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup evaporated milk, heat until it simmers. Add the dried beef, drench with black pepper, and (if available) a dash of paprika, dash of onion salt or slice of onion, and simmer for five minutes, or until the gravy is thick. Serve on top of thin, well browned Fryin' Pan Biscuits. Plenty good!

BACON—Bacon is best carried to camp in half or whole sides, well wrapped in waxed paper, and you should choose a slightly heavier piece of bacon than you would for home use.

The thin, crisp, "fried to nothing" bacon of the breakfast table has no place on the camp menu, particularly in cold weather, or on long, hard trips. Here the extra nourishment of heavier bacon is essential, and the extra fat extracted in cooking will prove useful for other dishes.

Slice bacon $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick, and brown carefully in a hot skillet, turning frequently, and pouring off excess fat. Two or three such slices per man provide the piece de resistance of a satisfying and strengthening meal. If it has a tendency to curl up when cooking, nick edges with knife. Be sure that the fat portions are well browned on both sides—they will then be just as tasty as the lean, and once the flavor of bacon so cooked is known, it will be preferred to that of half charred, paper-thin strips which so many think they like.

CORNERED BEEF—Canned beef, in $\frac{1}{2}$ or 1-pound sealed cans is an excellent thing to take to camp. Sliced cold, it makes an excellent quick snack when you're too hungry to cook; sliced cold, or sliced and browned quickly in a little bacon fat, it makes an excellent sandwich to slip into your pocket for the day's hunt. Crumbled, browned in fat and mixed with finely chopped fried pre-boiled potatoes and onions, it makes a Corned Beef Hash to write home about. But the best corned beef I ever tasted, I afterward named "Cawn-Willie Kaintuk."

CAWN-WILLIE KAINTEK was eaten in France during the latter part of World War I. We were past the railroad above St. Aignan, had missed two meals the day before, and here it was time for breakfast and our field kitchens had not arrived. So, since we had not yet received emergency rations, and since, having gone to the expense of bringing us that far, it seemed foolish to let us starve, we were diverted to a colored regiment. As we stood in the show line in the cold, gray dawn, a very, very dark-skinned Suther's German came strolling along, licking his mess pan as assiduously as any terrier. Gathering our strength we called to him, "Hey there, Black Boy, what you all got to eat this morning?" He rolled his eyes toward us as he replied in a slow drawl—and in a tone suggesting that he had been giving the same answer for weeks: "Cawn Willie"—and went on polishing the pan with his tongue. Well, at least that sounded better than if he had said "Slum," so we took heart to inquire further: "How much are they dishin' out?" Again the eyes rolled, and the same slow drawl replied, "Spoonful"—and the pan polishing was resumed, with gusto.

But the "spoon" in question proved to be a great cooking spoon with a capacity, when heaped, of nearly a pint; and the "Cawn Willie" as prepared by that big black Kentucky mess sergeant was a thing to speak of with bated breath.

Here is the formula:

Flake corned beef (canned) as fine as possible with a fork; brown lightly in little grease and with constant stirring; sprinkle with brown sugar, reduce heat, and stir until sugar just begins to brown in pan; add water to partly cover, season to taste with salt and black pepper, and simmer, with constant stirring, until water is evaporated. That's all. Not much to read about—but **WHAT** a dish to eat! We polished our pans too.

FISH BAKED IN CLAY—Ideal for a $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3-pound bass—or in fact, ANY fish of suitable size. Remove head, fins and tails; split down belly and clean inside; drench inside with flour, a very little salt and black pepper, and a thin strip of bacon. Close, rub outside with bacon grease, drench with flour, or flour and cornmeal mixed. Lay on a piece of well-kneaded, clean clay, free from sand or rocks and moistened to a consistency of stiff dough, then pressed out $\frac{1}{2}$ " thick. Cover with a similar piece of clay, mould firmly in hands, and pinch edges tightly together all round. Lay on a deep bed of clear bright coals, and cover with coals. Keep covered and keep coals renewed until clay is baked hard. Crack open the clay shell, and learn for the first time the heavenly flavor of a fish cooked to perfection!

DOPE—It would be sacrilege to close a list of camp recipes without mentioning that famous old northwoods dish—that last emergency dish when there is no game, provisions are running low, and you're down to a hunk of dry salt pork and the makin's for a few flapjacks. First you slice dry salt pork $\frac{3}{8}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick, cut the slices into cubes, and parboil as many times as necessary to remove excess salt. Pour off water, and while stirring the pork cubes, brown them in pan until very crisp. Remove from fat and set them aside, keeping as hot as possible. Stir flour into the grease, blend well while browning, being careful not to burn, add water, or diluted evaporated milk, to make a thick gravy. Season with black pepper—little, if any salt will be needed. Keep hot while you make the flapjacks—thin and well browned.

Stack the flapjacks on pan, add a layer of the browned pork cubes, and pour the gravy over all. Wow!



HERE'S WHAT WE CAN CALL FISHERMAN'S LUCK. These four giant walleyed pike totaling 28 lbs., 13 oz.—the largest weighing 11 lbs., 1 oz.—were taken in less than an hour near Devil's Gap, Lake of the Woods, Canada, by Parke Brown, Chicago newspaper editor. Left to right, guide Norman Kelly, Mrs. Parke Brown and Parke Brown. A short time later Mrs. Brown caught a 9½-pound walleye.

*"Ridin' high, wide,
and handsome"*

**in rubber boats
powered with Evinrudes!**



On many fronts . . . in many ways . . . large, capacious rubber boats serve our Navy and Marine Corps. Before launching they are compact "packages", easily handled, stowed, transported. Quickly the hulls can be unfolded . . . swiftly their compartments are inflated to plump buoyancy . . . motors are secured on special stern brackets . . . and they're set to go!

In a brief period a fleet of them can be readied for duty. With load capacity of several tons, they are used for rearming and refueling operations at advance bases. In landing operations, such a boat carries eighteen men, battle equipped, through heavy surf and over coral reefs. Highly maneuverable and amazingly light in draft, they can be operated in shoalest waters. They are driven by powerful, full-reversing Evinrude "Lightfour"

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To meet the varied requirements of amphibious warfare on every front, Evinrude engineers have perfected numerous new developments and applications of outboard power, many of which have advanced the peacetime outboard motor into new fields of usefulness. Today these developments — and every motor we build — belong to America's armed forces. *After Victory* they will be yours... for your greater enjoyment of every hour on the water!

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★ ONLY FIGHTING DOLLARS COUNT . . . BUY MORE BONDS



Quail hunting has elements that make a hunter's life worth while.

By-passed Birds

By Guy W. Von Schriltz

JOHNNIE turned out of the road and stopped at the top of a long slope down which descended straight rows of well-seeded kaffir corn. At the foot of the slope ran a deep draw, black with brush. Up the slope beyond ascended more orderly rows of standing feed, every stalk of which was top-heavy with grain.

It was perfect quail country. Too perfect. The only discordant item in the scene was a puffing, panting steam shovel which was throwing up huge windrows of ragged ridges at the top of the far slope.

I didn't approve of the place and said so. "This is the last day of quail season," I told Johnnie. Sixty-six hunters have stopped right here already this year. They saw what we see, and, I'll bet, half of that sixty-and-six have combed that draw and those fields from end-to-end."

"Unless," said Johnnie, getting out with a determined air and reaching back in for his gun, "they saw that rumbling, grumbling steam engine and didn't get out."

"Well, I vote we go on," I persisted. "It's too good to be true this late in the season.

I know where there are three coveys."

But Johnnie is stubborn. Without waiting for me he followed the dogs into the feed. So, since he had the car key and there wasn't much else I could do anyway, I trailed along.

We found no game in the first field. We found none in the brushy draw. I hadn't expected to, and was busily cooking up some "I told you so" sarcasm to let loose when Skipper, Johnnie's veteran black-and-white pointer, lifted his nose high and began edging cautiously left.

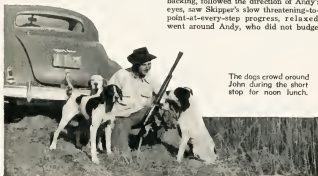
That lifted nose of Skipper's is a sure sign of running quail. My old lemon-and-white pointer, Andy, took note of Skipper's stiff-legged stalk and froze in his tracks.

"Uh huh! I thought so!" John said satisfiedly, and called in his pup, Nipper, the better to supervise Nipper's further education in the art of finding and fetching bobwhites.

John's Major, a huge horse of a liver-and-white pointer, came galloping, nearly ran over Andy, plowed to a stop, stiffened, realized suddenly that Andy was only backing, followed the direction of Andy's eyes, saw Skipper's slow threatening-to-point-at-every-step progress, relaxed, went around Andy, who did not budge,



John (top) and Skipper, his black and white pointer, and Andy, the author's old lemon and white pointer.



The dogs crowd around John during the short stop for noon lunch.

and cut across to intersect the hot beam Skipper followed.

"Ho Major!" John abruptly halted this contemplated grand larceny. "Hold it you! Whoa! O. K., Skipper, go on."

Such a situation, I submit, is saturated with many of those elements which make a bird hunter's short life worth while. I love them. So does Johnnie. With a word to Nip he authorized the eager pup to close up behind Skipper and grinned chummily across at me. I forgave him all his late tenacity of purpose and grinned back.

Nudged by my knee, Andy moved haltingly up. Major, eyes now on John for instructions, now on Skipper, kept parallel pace with Skipper's progress by restrained bursts of speed. The pup, all business, hung on Skipper's heels.

"SOME TONGUES SHOULD BE CANNED!"

say the 5 Crowns

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In the manner that we illustrate below!



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Presently the pup got a whiff of quail. The effect on him was electrical. Suddenly transformed from spectator to participant, he quit eyeing Skipper—forgot him entirely, it seemed—and tensed on his own trail, which swung right from the one Skipper followed.

"Ha!" cried John, elated at this. "See that pup do that? Good boy, Nipper! Nice work! Steady there, fella! Not so fast! Whoop!"

The pup forged ahead as John talked, slowly, cautiously, every muscle in his body straining. Simultaneously with John's "whoop" he came down at trail's end. No experienced dog could have done it better.

In the meantime Nipper had kept on after the running covey.

"Only one bird here," John concluded. "Skip's after the bunch. There! Skipper's caught up! O.K., Skipper! Hold it." Turning to me: "You take this single. I'll go to Skip. Ho! Major!" Major displayed signs of a pardonable urge to get in on the rise. "Back Major! Back right there!"

Major backed right there. I stepped around solid-as-a-rock Andy, and with a soft word to the pup, passed him. John hurried to Skipper and thus we raised our first covey of the day.

More than a dozen birds were strung out ahead of Skipper. The pup's find, a single, as Johnnie had reckoned, went out first, clucking wildly, a perfect right-angle target. The pup was fetching it to me before John began to shoot.

Three quick reports from John's 16-gauge, and the other three dogs brought John three dead bodies, one each. The covey disappeared up-slope in a smother of smoke which rolled down from the belching smokestack of the steam shovel.

In this fog we promptly lost all the dogs but Andy, who hunts close. I came upon Major first, beyond the feed field, screwed up in a letter C around some sumac which grew among scattered hackberry trees.

"Yoo hoo, John!" I sang out. "Here they are, Major's down on them! No, he's backing! Nipper's got them in those briars!"

"No, he hasn't," John's voice came back, from beyond the briars. "The pup's backing Skipper. Skipper's holding 'em away over here."

So it proved and right then we proceeded to enjoy another interesting drama enacted by our four pointers.

"Come through," John directed me. "Speak to Major if he wants to move up. Don't let him get ahead of the pup. Where's Andy?"

Andy, as usual, was at my knee, stiff as a stove poker, eyes glued on Nipper, the only dog he could see. Andy is a conscientious backer.

Eight birds went out in a wad. Three on my side bounced high. I caught the right one still going up, purposely raked the middle one with the edge of my shot pattern, while it slowed to change directions, and half-severed a hackberry tree, around which the third bird ducked.

JOHN shot but once. This shell saving by John was so unusual that I was driven to curiosity.

"They took timber on me," John explained. "Smart birds. I showered down bark with bird the one shot I got. Where did they go? Those darned John L. Lewises made so much smoke just then that I couldn't tell."

"They scattered all over the side of that new strip-pit dump. Look! There goes one over the top now, right toward the shovel! There's another!"

We stood and counted five quail scramble up the bare slope of dirt, slate and horseback, so slow that not one spear of vegetation had as yet begun to grow on it, and flip over out of sight.

"Eight and three make eleven," John calculated aloud. "About three more in here somewhere. All right, Skip, get going. Birds!"

Andy found the three, but they wouldn't hold. Up they went, before we could get near, over the new dumps, down and they were gone!

"Well that's that!" said John. "They're educated. They deserve to get away."

"Now," I suggested, back at the car, "let's go get those three coveys of mine." "You don't like the place I picked, eh?" Johnnie couldn't resist one dig.

"Sure I liked it! I meant it too. But that was luck, pure and simple. Give me more protected, less public places, where I know there are birds. Td—"

John laughed, cranking up.

"Yes, you'd have taken one look at that open shooting," he said, "one more look at that noisy steam shovel so near by and, just like every other hunter but us has done so far this year, would have gone right on."

Which was true as gospel.

"Turn here," I directed, a couple of miles along our way, my three coveys in mind. Instead, John stopped.

"See anything?" he inquired.

"I do," I said, half-disgruntled anew at his persistent disregard of my wishes. "On my right I see a busy filling station and a heavily-traveled crossroad. On my left a well-used school house, to judge by the beaten down yard. On my front a huge galvanized-iron hay barn and—"

"And," John caught me up "in your rear a double row of hedge and a kaffir corn field."

"Boy! What a place for bobbies!" I enthused, eyeing that dense-with-underbrush, feed-flanked hedge. "I'd like to find one like that back somewhere more private, away from so much traffic."

But it is too open, too easy of access by busy people, too close to two surfaced roads. All of which hard, common sense facts I pointed out to John. No use to waste time here, I argued.

"All right," Johnnie conceded the accuracy of my assertions. "But me now, I'm going down between those hedge rows a way. If you and old Andy were to be outside that south hedge when I send a covey through, you might have some fun."

"Maybe," he grinned at me around the turtle deck, lifted, at the moment, to let the dogs out. "The other sixty-and-five figured again like you do and didn't stop here either."

NOW I have hunted bobwhite quails many times in many places. Until that day I had had sustaining faith in my ability to recognize likely localities for bagging that gallant little game bird.

Before we had gone 200 yards Andy began acting suspiciously and John began sounding the same.

"Whoa there, Major!" John's voice boomed across the hedge. "Not so fast there, Big Boy. O.K., Skipper, go on. Careful, Nipper, Steady."

Listening to John I concluded that birds still harbored in that hedge and, watching Andy's acute interest in a hot trail, I concluded further that those same birds had recently been feeding in my immediate vicinity.

Major, nose to ground, came through the hedge about the time I arrived at this decision and confirmed my conclusion.

But the birds weren't in the kaffir. Skipper found them between the hedges. "Here they are," John announced, "in some blackberries. Where are you?"

I disclosed my whereabouts, cautioned Major and Andy and stopped opposite John's voice as he asked:

"Ready?"

"Ready."

"Here goes!"

Away they went. A roar of wings. A burst of gunfire.

I like such situations. Seven brown bullets burst through the hedge. One struck a branch not 10 feet from my face, hung an instant with wings whirling, backed out and disappeared.



"Of course the fish are big here. Why shouldn't they be? We've fed 'em \$20 worth o' minnows in two weeks."

Two made abrupt turns and started down the hedge. Pickings! I shot that pair before they got going well. The remaining four headed straight out into the corn.

I took a long lead on one and was lucky. It spun over and over as it went down. The others sped on and settled in a line well out in the corn.

John joined me with two dead birds. "Pretty thick in there," he apologized. "Tough shooting. Missed one. Any stop in the corn?"

I painted the picture for John and we went after the three.

Old Andy is a bear cat on singles. He was frozen fast on the first one when we located him. One by one the other three dogs fell into formation alongside him. John talked to them while I took a picture.

WHEN flushed, Andy's find, a single, went past me like a freight train past a tramp, waist-high, barely six feet away. Startled, I stepped back. Elated, Johnnie chuckled and shot it.

"Ha! Ha!" he laughed. "Fooled you! O.K., Skip, go get it. Fetch. Atta boy!"

The pup, with John and me at his haunches, trailed the second of the trio some little distance to find Major already pointing it.

"My bird," John claimed, closing in from the left. "I'll go this way."

"My bird," I claimed, closing in from the right. "I'll go back to the hedge."

It did neither. It hopped high, its wings beating a terrible nerve-shattering clatter on corn leaves, and dived between us. We both swung around, both waited, both shot. The bird fell.

"Andy's gone," I said when Major had retrieved. "Probably got the last one."

"Skip's gone, too," John said. "Maybe he's on it."

Both of us were right and both of us were wrong. Skipper and Andy, with Nip between them, were radiated around a patch of frosted foxtail, when we hunted them up, like spokes in a wheel, heads in, tails out. Major crept up, where a spoke was missing, settled down and completed the circle.

"First time I ever saw that done," delighted John.

"I would be out of films at such a time," I begrudged my inability to preserve the picture in perpetuity.

A few moments of tense contemplation and John pushed past Skipper's nose into the foxtail.

The bird went John's way.

"Thanks" he said and took it. As simple as that.

"Now," inquired John, starting down the road. "What do you say now about public open places late in the season?"

"I think that one was pretty swell," I admitted. "That makes twice we've hit the jackpot today, but we can't do as well next time, so let's go get those three coveys I've been saving. We hardly scratched them last Sunday."

"Hu!" commented John, turning around in the road, "some people sure are hard to convince. O.K., let's go get yours. But they'd better be good."

Now if I were a quail I'd try to pick out just such a home as my three mentioned coveys lived in. A wide, hidden

(Continued on page 77)



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Arms and Ammunition

Major Jim Crossman, *Editor*

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Judging Distances Correctly

By Major Charles Askins

IT IS a comparatively easy matter to judge distances along the ground, within shotgun range, especially stationary objects of recognized dimensions. Even birds a-wing, that fly low, nearly always pass a tree or something else that will afford us a basis for calculations. But with birds of unknown size, passing overhead, the matter assumes different proportions.

In upland shooting, where the birds generally rise near us, the matter of estimating distances need not concern us seriously. To be sure some shots will be missed through an incorrect lead due to badly judged flight, but such chances will not occur often enough to make a great difference in the size of the bag.

When wildfowl are in question, however, the subject is one that cannot be studied too closely. Ducks frequently maintain a line of flight so regular that striking them could present no great difficulty if we knew how far they were away from the gun and exactly what lead to give them. Nine misses in ten upon the marsh are caused by faulty lead, which in turn must be attributed to poor judgment of distance or speed of flight.

Expert gunners estimate the distance of their mark, first, by knowing the kind of bird that is coming in and the size that it should appear at a given time. This makes it imperative that we should always be able to recognize the species of fowl that is approaching, be it teal, mal-



BIG CANADA GEESE are apt to fool the hunter whose experience on gauging distances has been obtained entirely or mainly from ducks. An old honker will not seem half as far away as he really is.

lard or pintail, for we cannot reckon nearness by size unless the size is well known. Secondly, the closeness of wildfowl can be approximately figured by keenly observing their markings. The shooter may say that he knew the bird was within range because he could see the white on its cheeks or the bars on its wings. The third method is to observe the apparent time required for the fowl to pass the gun. A bird that is well out will seemingly be much longer in passing than he would if he whistled by your head.

One of the first things for a wildfowler to learn is to recognize the kind of duck that is approaching while it is yet at a distance. Until he can do this simply by the manner of the bird's flying he cannot hope to do a great deal of execution. This is true for more than one reason, but the particular one which concerns us now is the necessity for judg-

ing the bird's range by its size and appearance. The novice quickly comes to know that a mallard shows markings about as far as he can be killed, but if he is looking for trimmings of chestnut, white and green, and a little black teal whizzes by at half-gunshot, he will never believe that it was within reach.

NEVER-THE-LESS, when experience has taught us to recognize at sight the different species of fowl there is no better key to the mysteries of unknown range than the markings of the birds. So many yards away we can distinguish the drakes from the ducks. A certain nearer approach and the chestnut and white of the mallard drake's breast no longer blend. Close up the very eye of the bird may be seen, or the curl upon his tail, and then even the tyro knows that his mark is within easy reach.

Judging the distance of wildfowl by the



EXPERT GUNNERS know the size of the bird that is coming in.



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INCIDENTALLY, our Refrigeration Division was created many years ago as a result of experience gained in making millions of tons of ice to produce the world's most popular beer.

markings is probably the mode most commonly practiced. It is usually very reliable, though to be sure atmospheric conditions would have an influence. In rainy or foggy weather the colors might blend when the bird was nearly on top of you. And, by the way, estimating the distance or size of the flying game in a fog is almost impossible.

THE apparent size of the mark also gives the gunner a very good line on its vicinity to the gun. When the bird looms up as big as a balloon you know that he ought to be within gun shot. It is here that a man's eyes often deceive his reasoning. After killing a mallard at 40 yards, he permits a teal at 35 to escape because he fully believed it to be out of range. In like manner, impressed with the appearance of the ducks, an old Canadian honker will not seem to be half as far away as he really is and a lot of forbearance is needed to keep from cutting loose while he is yet two gunshot lengths off. A safe plan with the big bird is to let him come just as close as he will. As a matter of fact, that is a pretty good plan with any kind of waterfowl larger than a teal, for almost invariably they are not so close as they appear to be.

With very small birds the opposite might be true, as for example a quail at 40 yards looks a long distance off, and many would pronounce him from 50 to 60 yards away. This accounts for the most of the 60-yard shots on quail that we read about, the bird really being under 40 oftener than not.

Judging the distance of the target by the rapidity with which it approached and passed the gun would be reliable if a man had his bump of mathesis highly developed and nothing else to do. The fowl being above our heads with its markings showing clearly, should it seemingly require a long time to pass out of range, so that if need be a half dozen shots could be fired at it, we can safely assume that it was quite out of gunshot to begin with.

Correctly estimating the distance of the mark will not avail us much unless we can at the same time closely calculate the speed of flight. The lead that would kill mallards right along will miss every teal that wings past us; or if by accident the beginner first learns to connect with the teal, he will be disgusted at missing the slow-flying greenheads and pintails while apparently hanging right over his head. Indeed, the expert gunner is often dismayed to find that he cannot change his swing to adapt it to a slow-moving mark after becoming accustomed to a speedy one. He perceives at once that he should do so, but shooting instinct and habit betray him. It is often laughable to see a crack shot lead a rabbit three feet too much, when bunny hops up among the scattered quail.

The ordinary manner of estimating the lead for a bird is not in feet, as might be expected, but in lengths of the bird. For instance, at 50 yards, 10 feet appears a very short distance, but a bird that is known to be 12 inches long seems very small also; nevertheless, by taking 10 of his lengths we can safely assume that we are 10 feet ahead of him. This rule, of course, pertains to any distance, while by



CORRECT JUDGING of distance is the key to good marksmanship in waterfowl shooting. But few eyes are good at gauging air-line distances and the hunter must call in other factors to aid him.

attempting to work in feet we will find that the eye will deceive us with every varying range. Not one inexperienced shot in a dozen can come closer than two feet to estimating the distance apart of two poles at 50 yards, not to mention measuring off 10 feet in the air with nothing to serve as a guide or comparison. Despite this, the novice may guess off 10 lengths with a sufficient accuracy to insure a kill.

After a time the final dependence of every veteran shot comes to be shooting habit. He glances at the flying quarry, swings upon it, and pulls when he feels he is right, with deadly results. The feeling of where to hold becomes so strong that no manner of reasoning or instruction would change his point of aim. This is not from any form of instinct, but simply because he swung so and killed many times before. He finally does it all without second thought, or first thought either, and should you ask him how much he led, he wouldn't remember, either feet or lengths. Perhaps he might declare that he didn't lead at all, or barely shot in front; this because his mind was on other things.

Humanity is so constituted that it must learn things slowly, through a process of reasoning, and reason only can lay a sure foundation for the so-called shooting instinct. If there is any royal road to success in wing shooting, I have never known anyone to strike it. Practice and study—you will never become perfect, but you can become quite expert.

Shotgun Handling

I HAVE been wondering how this man and that handled many different guns, and if he shot them all equally well. My guns are liable to be stocked to order, and should shoot to the same aim, except they do not seem to.

Let me illustrate, with a theoretical case. Blackbirds, of course, are protected

by the federal migratory bird act, but suppose I shoot at one sitting on the limb of a tree or on the ground, and hold right on him, he is a dead bird; but I have a couple of guns, Winchester pumps, which if I fire at a sitting bird at 25 yards will throw the whole pattern right over the top of the bird.

I can remember such things happening back in live pigeon shooting days. These were shot from three traps, usually, in a segment of a circle, distance either 25 or 30 yards from the gun. Now and then when the trap was sprung, with a clang, the pigeon just walked out. It might be a wild pigeon and it might be a tame one, and was liable to happen in either case. When it did, the shooter had the privilege of shooting it on the ground, and at the same time calling it "no bird." But he might elect to shoot at it on the ground, in which event it was "no bird" if he killed it. But if he missed it he had better use his second barrel quick, because if that bird got away, it was a missed bird. It was best not to shoot at a bird on the ground, but have it scared up and let it go, then he got another in its place. I often wondered how a bird could be missed on the ground, but later I found out, and discovered that it was in the gun. Those guns were not made to shoot at things at rest, but at flying objects only.

ONE of the things I learned when I got to shooting was that the gun which would just smother things when sitting might miss them altogether when they were flying. If I were shooting these guns all the time I got to know that, and if I had one that shot center when the object rested, I knew that I had to hold high when he was flying. Not very high, you understand, but I might shoot under a flying bird from four to six inches. It did not make so much difference what kind of a bird it was. One day a quail got up and headed straight for a little oak bush about five feet high, with a fork in it about 3½ feet up. The quail was headed exactly for that fork, and I shot precisely at the quail and the fork too. The quail dodged the bush and went on about his business. I went up and found my whole pattern in that bush a little below the fork. Thereafter I killed four of these quail just by holding full on, or a little over the top. There was nothing wrong with these guns, except that they did not shoot quite where I expected them to.

In further experimenting with my two pump guns, 20- and 16-gauge, I discovered by shooting at a stationary target that my guns were shooting from four to six inches high at 30 yards, and at longer distances, if the object shot at were at rest. Then I knew why my live pigeon shot, in the old days, had missed a pigeon on the ground. Later I tried my pump guns at birds flying, and did not have to shoot low, but right at them, or in front of them as the case might be. I hit game with more certainty with those pump guns than anything else I had. The 16-gauge was bored for 35 yards, the 20-gauge for 30 yards, and I could kill up to 40 yards, and it did not seem to make much difference which gun I was shooting. I used No. 7½ shot on doves, quail and snipe, and No. 6 shot on ducks. The 20-bore shot No. 6's better than it did anything else, but the 16-

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gauge was about as good with any size I put in it.

When I am shooting at birds flying past, I would say that the gun should shoot around from four to six inches high. I do not notice either that I miss more quail with these guns that shoot at least four inches high. Doves require more attention to their line of flight, if they are coming into a water-hole where they mean to alight.

Shot Velocities

The average gunner is liable to consider the flight of charge of shot from gun to game as instantaneous; like the Negro's "smoke wagon," "When it starts it's there," but science comes along with facts that are not to be denied. In standard loads No. 7 shot flies over a 40 yard course at the rate of 850 feet a second, and during the time the pellets are on the way a speedy sprinter would move over four feet and be entirely out of danger. If the shot charge were in the shape of a great black ball we could watch it move up to and strike the target. At the 200 yard butts the writer had often curiously observed the bullets in their flight to the target, noted their curve at a little past mid-range, and could tell within a few inches of where the lead would land—this was rendered possible by the burning lubricant on the missile which left behind a faint blue smoke.

It is sufficient to say that some species of wild fowl get up speed only six times slower than that of the shot charge. Keeping this in mind, we can better appreciate the necessity for the utmost practical velocity of shot, not only for the reason that less allowance would have to be made for rapidly flying birds, but because penetration on game is directly dependent on velocity.

I have stated before that shot could be given a much higher velocity than is now standard, and many progressive sportsmen are demanding such ammunition. Gun builders and cartridge firms are always busily experimenting with a view to meeting this demand. They are very reluctant to change the standard velocity of their cartridges, however, because they are regulated scientifically to suit our present system of shotgun boring. If shot



LT. DAVE HENRY, who won the Missouri State Trapshooting Championship in 1938, '39 and '40, is now a commando on active duty in Australia.

charges are to be given a higher velocity, then gun builders must set the pace by inventing some new system of boring that will permit a high rate of progress of shot through their tubes without ruining the pattern.

The standard velocity of shotgun charges has been fixed at 1,050 feet over a 20-yard course, and much experimenting has led the cartridge people to conclude that this is about the highest velocity consistent with even the regular patterns. To be sure, many guns will make a good target with a higher velocity charge, but others will not and the manufacturers are forced to remember the weakest link in the chain. Higher velocity charges would greatly simplify the problems of wing shooting and the demand for them will become insistent.

Manufacturers endeavor to give all their loads of whatever gauge and size of shot approximately the same initial velocity; when the shot charge is reduced they load a less amount of powder to correspond. Of course the large shot retain their speed for a longer time, the difference in speed of No. 1's and No. 10's at 40 yards being 175 feet. This does not mean that the larger shot would be 175 feet in advance of the smaller, but the big pellets would be 18 to 20 feet in advance, and when they might strike the game the small shot would pass behind. All of which emphasizes, not only the need of a high muzzle velocity, but also the use of a size of shot which will retain this velocity to the greatest extent up to the maximum range.

Taking No. 7's as a basis for calculating velocities, we find that with mean velocity of 1,050 feet over the first 20 yards of the course, this has fallen to 850 feet at 40 yards, and 750 at 50 yards. Experiments have proven that it takes a velocity of 750 feet to kill live pigeons with No. 7 shot, and nearly as much for quail. We could therefore fix upon 50 yards as the limit of range for No. 7 shot whatever the gauge or load, though of course they might occasionally kill at longer distances through luckily striking a vital part. No. 8 shot could only retain this necessary 750 feet of killing velocity up to 45 yards which could be fixed as a maximum range of No. 8's. Smaller shot would be still more restricted down to 30 yards for No. 10 shot on quail. Duck shot, No. 6's and No. 5's, should maintain a killing penetration up to 60 yards.

NATURALLY the larger the shot, the greater their execution even with like velocities, which would lead to the inference that relatively large shot should be used in all instances, and so they should except for absolute necessity of maintaining a sufficient density of pattern. A rifle bullet is more deadly than any size of shot, yet is perfectly useless in wing shooting, for in order to kill you must first hit it. It is usually considered that three shot pellets or more are essential to kill, the chances being that one of them will reach a vital spot and produce instant death. Less than this number may mean a cripple, no matter what the size of shot or its velocity, and hence we must not sacrifice pattern even to secure increased penetration.

As has been shown, the size of the shot

has much to do with both its velocity over the range and killing power, but the maximum size of shot that can be used is limited by the gauge of our gun and the way it is bored.

We return to the original proposition of large shot, big bores and heavy charges as being necessary to execution at long range. The prime factors of power are: pattern, velocity and size of shot. We might reverse the order and say the size of the shot which it will handle effectively limits the 12-bore to 50 yards, the 16-bore to 45, the 20-bore to 40.

Progress in gun boring has now reached a standstill from the fact noted that patterns cannot be maintained with charges much in excess of the standard 1,050 feet over a 20-yard range. If this difficulty

can be overcome and shot given a speed several hundred feet higher than is at present possible, power will at once be greatly augmented, the 16-gauge becoming as effective as the present 12-gauge and so on.

It is not believed that any permanent limit has been reached in the boring of shotguns, or that some system of boring will not finally be developed that will permit velocities while still retaining and even improving patterns. The matter is in the hands of sportsmen who can stimulate ingenuity by making their wants known. A manufacturer might say, "We do not make more powerful weapons because the present output is good enough and meets every demand." But that is neither progress nor history.



ACME PHOTO

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Trajectories of Hunting Cartridges

I AM writing this with the idea of making the story useful to the ordinary deer shooter, along with game larger than deer. What we are trying to get at as nearly as we can, is, if our rifle is sighted in for 100 yards, where will the bullet land at 200 yards, provided we have to shoot that far? We will also take in what would happen if a marksman had long shots to fire with one cartridge or another.

We are going back to Charles Newton's time. He was leading most of us 20 years ago. The factories have caught up with him now, but it took them a long time to do it. Newton made a rifle for me, 20 years ago. The best cartridges of today have little on that rifle as it was at that time. Neither is there anything now exactly the same as the cartridge Newton made for me. Its standard bullet weighed 129 grains, backed by a heavy powder case and heavy powder charge. Newton told me to use a 140-grain bullet, if I wanted to and had game which made that weight of bullet desirable. I shot some bullets of 140 grains, but for my purpose, which was just an occasional deer to shoot, I did not need a ball heavier than 129 grains. I loaded that 129-grain bullet up to velocity of 3,300 feet.

THAT was the kind of rifle I had been looking for a long time. I sighted it in at 100 yards, then 200 yards, then 300 yards. At 100 yards the rifle would shoot into a 2½-inch ring, at 200 yards into a 2½-inch ring, and at 300 yards into a 4-inch bull. I had the rifle mounted with a Weaver 3-power scope, with crosshairs, and I just practiced up and down the 300 yard line. I could assume that some kind of a target was 125 yards away, and could shoot about as close to the center as though the target were but 100 yards away.

I never liked to shoot prone as it seemed to strain my eyes. I dug a hole for my feet, so that they were about a foot lower than my body. Then I put in a side rest for either knee, and padded it. The

back of the rest was also padded and built up at just the angle I wanted. I could usually see where the bullets were striking up to 150 yards with the rifle scope, and at 300 yards with a more powerful scope. I used to test out the security of my position by sighting in, then looking away for an instant and firing. Usually I struck pretty close to where I expected to hit when doing that. That was the only real rifle rest I have ever had, and it was far better than shooting prone. Even with every advantage of position, I did not do perfect shooting, and concluded eventually that I could group a bit closer if I cut down my velocity to 3,000 feet, but I did not intend to do it.

I USED to go about through the woods shooting at spots on the trees, maybe 150 yards away, maybe 400 yards off, just estimating the distance. In doing this kind of unknown distance shooting, I did not change the scope at all, but just relied on holding the crosshairs under or over the mark, as might look necessary to me. I saw a great white spot on a big black oak tree, and stopped where I found a good position to shoot from, possibly 500 yards from the mark. I got a good shooting position with my back to a tree, and shot at that white spot. I placed the crosshairs two feet above the mark. I did not know if that two feet was right or not, it being just a wild guess; neither did I know what two feet ought to look like, even through the scope.

What I had in mind was that some day I'd want to shoot 500 yards at a deer, and I wanted to know where I would hit. I held what I estimated was two feet above the mark and fired. When I got to the tree I found my shot about a foot low. I might have scared a deer with that shot, but I would not have touched him. I went back to my shooting position and fired three shots, every one striking the big white spot on the tree. Now I could kill a deer at 500 yards, but it happened I never saw a deer at 500 yards.



NEAR MONTICELLO, MINNESOTA, this unusual sign, forbidding cemetery privileges to sportsmen, sounds like the final word in "Safety first."

How flat would the old Newton shoot at 500 yards? I do not know. I know it would shoot a bit less than six inches high, midway the 300 yards, say about 5½ inches high, the highest point being at about 170 yards. The bullets I shot were slightly on the beaver-tail order. Just to denote the difference, the old Winchester .405 shot 12 inches high midway the 300 yards.

THE modern cartridge that came the nearest to equalling the Newton .257 is the Springfield with 150-grain bullet. It has a 6-inch high trajectory over the 300 yard course, but would be losing speed pretty fast over distances beyond 250 yards. The bullet is too light and too blunt to keep right on traveling up to the .257 Newton bullet. The modern Magnum .375 cartridges are more like the Newton as I had it, but are of larger size and far more powerful than the .257 Newton, even when the Newton was loaded with 140-grain bullet. These Magnum cartridges run in muzzle velocity from 2,860 feet for the .375 with the 235-grain bullet, down to 2,720 feet for the 270-grain, and 2,540 feet for the 300-grain bullet. These bullets (the 235-grain, 270-grain and 360-grain) have muzzle energies running from 4,270 foot pounds to 4,200 foot pounds, 4,440 foot pounds being the energy rating for the 270-grain bullet. These cartridges are amply heavy for any game found in Alaska, and are far better adapted to African shooting than any cartridges we have had up to the past few years.

The trajectories are very flat, 2.5 inches high over the 200-yard range, with 7 inches high over the 300-yard range. Only a few English cartridges have higher energy at the muzzle, and these come in larger bores, and would not retain their striking force at any great distance.

Now for the sake of shooters who will plan to do some big game hunting when the War is over, I will give some space to the Winchester H. & H. Magnums. There are three of them, and if any one of them won't kill any game found in Africa, I'd like to hear how it happened. People who could kill elephants, rhino, lions, buffalo and anything else that came along with a .405 Winchester, with 300-grain bullet and velocity of 2,220 feet, should have little trouble with a Magnum, with velocities running between 2,540 feet and 2,860 feet, with bullets weighing the same as the old .405 Winchester, in the elephant bullet, and energies going 1,000 foot pounds higher. The lightest of these bullets, the Magnum .235 grain, would kill an elephant, and would come pretty close to tearing a lion's head off.

The Japanese Rifle

THE Japanese Yen 38th Model rifle is of Mauser pattern and differs from typical Mausers in the following manner: The striker and cocking piece are made in one. The striker is of large diameter for two-thirds of its length, and is bored to a depth of 4.2 inches from the rear to take the main spring. A cocking toe is formed on the rear end. In the interior at the rear end are cut two longitudinal guide



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grooves, disposed at right angles to one another, in which a stud on the locking bolt moves.

On the rear of the bolt the usual chamfered recesses are cut, in order to withdraw the striker from the fired primer on the rising of the lever of the bolt. As there is no bolt plug, these recesses are cut somewhat deeper than in typical Mauser practice.

The locking bolt is in the form of a cylindrical cap on the end of the bolt, with a stem that fits into the striker and bears against the main spring. It can be placed in the safety position only when the action is cocked. To lock the action the locking bolt is pressed forward and then turned to the right, the movement to the right being limited by the travel of

the stud, on the under surface of the locking bolt, in a groove in the body. By pressing forward the locking bolt the main spring is compressed, and by turning the locking bolt a small stud on the rear part of the stem, which had engaged with a guide ledge on the forward end of the locking bolt, engages with a stud on the bolt, which is thereby locked. The locking bolt is held by the weight of the main spring with a stud on the rim of the locking bolt forced into a recess in the groove at the rear of the body. When the locking bolt is disengaged the weight of the main spring is transferred from the point of the stem of the locking bolt to the circumferential rib on the bolt, which engages with the rib on the inside of the cylinder of the locking bolt.

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The knob of the bolt lever is egg-shaped.

A bolt cover is provided. It is semi-circular in cross section and is retained in guide grooves on either side the body, in which it moves. It encases the whole of the top of the body when the breech is closed. The bolt lever passes through a hole in the cover and draws the latter backwards and forwards.

The magazine and trigger guard are not in one piece. The box is made of sheet steel and holds five cartridges in two columns. In other respects it is similar to typical Mauser magazines.

Shotgun Etiquette

(Continued from page 25)

the exercise of good sportsmanship.

I believe that the hunter should always first contact the farmer or rancher before he hunts on his land. Remember, it is his land, with valuable stock, crops and fences. He has made possible the existence of the game you wish to shoot. Make mutually satisfactory arrangements with him before you start to hunt. Do not hunt on any portion of the land he tells you not to. Watch out for the stock and do not scare it. Don't shoot at game when some of his stock is within range beyond it. Replace fence gates as you found them.

When you are through hunting the farmer will appreciate it if you offer him a small portion of the game you have killed. Certainly he is entitled to a share of it.

The farmer and rancher should be taken into consideration more by hunters than they have been in the past. The future of our hunting rests largely with these men. If you can, by the simple means of respecting his property and his feelings, teach the farmer or the rancher to feel a bond between him and you and your friends, you can virtually assure the future of your hunting and that of your

sons. And you can make your hunting easier and more agreeable, not only for yourself and your friends, but for others. You will provide an incentive for the landowner to harbor and build up the game supply. In the last analysis, he is the only one who can do it.

Now let's speak briefly of etiquette that makes for safety on the trap and skeet field. Always be careful of your gun and how you handle it. Do not carry your gun over your shoulder unless you carry it upside down, as shown in one of the illustrations accompanying this article. It is better still to carry your gun in your bent elbow, or in one or both hands, as illustrated. I have seen minor accidents caused by a shooter who, while carrying his gun over his shoulder in the upright position, hit another shooter in the face or on the head with the end of the barrel when he turned quickly.

When you are through shooting, always dispose of your gun carefully. Place it in the gun rack. Do not lean it against a seat or chair or wall or lean it on the counter. Outside of the ever present, though maybe remote, possibility that the gun may be loaded, it can easily be damaged if it is knocked over. If this happens, even though you may be on the other side of the room, you can rationally blame nobody but yourself.

Grandmother Tries the Panuco

(Continued from page 29)

town, and Captain Peralta would pick us up in his car at one o'clock. We would then drive to the boat, and fish from two until dusk.

As a rule, we presented our tarpon to the hungry little folk whose huts studded the banks of the river, and who were always begging us for fish. I should imagine that a section of a tough old warrior, so

filled with bones that it resembled a healthy pinfish, might prove pretty hard going, but not to a hungry family of 12 or 14 children who had been subsisting for the most part on tortillas and fried cactus, the poor man's "beefsteak," for weeks. Tough or tender, we heard no complaints.

Mrs. Sutton's first fish was exactly 80 inches long, and it fought like a wildcat. The slender, supple Calcutta rod bent and twisted and weaved like a boa constrictor suffering from paralysis agitans, but little Mama gave her quarry not an inch of slack, and after 10 minutes it was easy to pick the prospective winner. In order to expedite the battle, we slipped a light harness over her shoulders, and the way she succeeded in yanking that fish out of the water would have won the admiration of my old friend, Zane Grey. Twenty minutes of toil and perspiration, and she had the big boy alongside, hors de combat. A swift and skilful pass with the gaff, and the prize was won! Mrs. Sutton had previously caught a lot of tarpon, and had won her golden spurs on black marlin in Australia and thresher shark in New Zealand, but few fish ever gave her the thrill that that one did.

From then on, there was no stopping her. After she got far in the lead, she would sometimes insist that we swap chairs, or that I try her rod or her spoon, but when we changed locations, so did the fish. Apparently, they were always hungriest on her side of the boat. Her best tarpon, a slender and lovely seven-footer, leaped nearly a dozen times. It fought with its mouth tightly closed, and refused to acknowledge defeat until totally exhausted. This beautiful specimen, skilfully mounted by Hilton, of McAllen, will later adorn the waiting room of the Tampico airport.

On our last day, Captain Peralta and I were trolling, while Mrs. Sutton took a nap, below. Business was far from good. For some reason, we had not had a touch for over an hour. The Skipper and I were growing impatient. I dozed in my chair, and just at that moment I imagined that a huge, grizzled old tarpon stuck his head out of the water and gruffly enquired, "Donde Esta La Abuelita?" ("Where is the Little Grandmother?"). Which I consider the compliment supreme.

The Most Dangerous Game

(Continued from page 19)

notoriously poor for almost any purpose. M1 rifle sights are considerably better, both for adjusting and using. The front sight is a broad blade, easily seen, and the rear peep is big enough for most light conditions. The peep can be adjusted both for windage and elevation by turning the correct knob, which clicks for minute of angle changes.

The sniper can get along very well with either the '03 or M1 iron sights and he doesn't have to sit back and twiddle his thumbs waiting for special equipment to come to him. Very few men can outshoot the Springfield or Garand.

But to get the most value from his training, the sniper should have a good scope sight on his rifle. He could choose a high power target-type glass if he wanted the utmost in accuracy, but he

would handicap himself with a long, relatively fragile glass, not well suited to a rough life in the field. His best bet for all purposes is one of the fine hunting-type glasses made in this country. Scopes like the Noske, Alaskan, Weaver 330 and such will be just about right. We said back in the beginning that sniping was much like big game hunting, so these scopes, tested by thousands of hunters, should be O.K.

A well made glass, with plenty of field, long eye relief and good illumination is what we want. Power should be around 2½ to 4X, but not over the latter figure for general use. The higher powers are larger and heavier, if you keep good illumination, and they are more subject to mirage and shooter-shakes.

The scope should be held in a solid

mount and I'm rather inclined to believe that it should be mounted on the left side of the receiver. The scope should be offset to the left enough to permit the use of iron sights and to permit clip loading. This is almost essential on the M1 rifle, since you have to load the M1 magazine with a complete clip. The scope should be as low and as close to the receiver as possible, while still permitting clip loading. I've always been a firm disbeliever in this sort of mount for the hunter, because the scope is not held in as natural a position as when mounted right low on top of the receiver. But the sniper's glass may get smacked up on occasions, and it may be a matter of life or death to get off aimed shots. So I feel that he should have his iron sights readily available. In this sort

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At home, we're fighting too, individually and collectively—men and manufacturers. Along with other outdoor names, famous Pendleton Woolens are serving a new trade—the fighting forces. Restrictions do not allow us to describe our war production, but we can say—it's maintained Pendleton quality—the finest for our forces, the finest for you.

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of war, he may also find himself in a tight spot where he has to clip-load if he is going to live. So, while the offset mount isn't the best from a shooting standpoint, it seems like the best bet, all things considered, under conditions of this war, providing it is low and close to the receiver.

With such a position, the mount need not be quick-detachable, since the scope will not have to be removed from the rifle very often. A quick-detachable mount would be desirable, providing the scope returned to its zero each time.

The reticle in the scope is another debatable question, but I think it should be a broad spot, tapering at the top to about a 4 minute of angle flat. This will be easily seen under nearly all conditions. The scope should be sighted for about 400 yards and the sniper should be taught to hold off at other ranges. A 400-yard setting with present M2 ammunition means that he will have to hold about one foot low at 100 to 300 yards, but this shouldn't be too difficult. It will be more satisfactory than trying to change the sights every time. At ranges much over 400 he will have to hold high, which isn't so easy. But at these longer ranges, there are so many unknowns, such as wind, range estimation, etc., that there will not be many hits made. Experienced rifle shooters may be able to make hits at longer ranges, but the sort of sniper we're going to get in this present army will not have that experience and ability. If our sniper can be trained to hit consistently at 400 yards and under, he'll be an extremely valuable man.

Our man should usually carry a pair of field glasses with him. He'll find that the field glasses are easier to use and will show him more than the scope on his rifle. Since one of his big problems will be to pick up targets, he should have the aid of the glasses. In the last war, the sniper usually had an observer with him, to study the area and pick up targets. That is still a good idea where it's practical, but our man will be on his own a great deal of the time.

HIS other equipment will depend on his mission and where he is going to be working. It should, however, be the absolute minimum in amount to keep from making a pack horse out of him, since he may want to do considerable unobtrusive moving around. A knife, cigarettes, water, a little food and such items may be carried at times, depending on the particular job in hand.

So far we've been thinking of our sniper being used on "average terrain," as the army puts it. "Average terrain" generally is a term you use when you don't want to pin yourself down as to the type of country you're talking about. For certain particular types of country the sniper's equipment and training would ideally be different than for other kinds of ground. So we might expect the sniper in Africa to do considerably shooting at extreme ranges, while in Guadalcanal two or three hundred yards might be a long shot. The ideal African equipment might be a 300 Magnum with a 6-8 power target scope, but it takes a mighty good man to get the most out of such a combination.

In heavily wooded or jungle country the peewee .22 cartridge would be a swell

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was to continue together on their tracks until we came to such a locality that we might again plan some driving, or circling. Of what followed in the next few hours I will not ask a reader to go through the interminable details.

Twice we had them loosed and two of us took stands, while the other went and jumped them out, but each time the deer went by unguarded ways, unseen. Finally, at noon, we were very tired. The weather had turned warm and we had done 15 miles or more in slippery snow through swamp, laurel thicket, or low pines, and we were about all in. Van said he did not think he could go on. He had had a fall during the morning on a slippery rock and was walking lame. I, too, felt fatigued, and I hated to quit. We were at the edge of a pine grove that the band had just passed through. They had gone out into a great open brush-land area on the hillside before us. We decided to give it up and started walking along the edge of the pines, Dick saying that an old lumber road was not far eastward, by which we could make our way more easily to the valley. We soon struck this road and started to follow it.

This old road went down hill through the scrub oak in a westerly direction so that it was at a backward angle to the edge of the pines through which we had recently passed. Looking across the scrub toward the pines after a few minutes, Dick and I realized at the same moment that we were where the tracks of the deer should have crossed this road. We stopped and compared notes in whispers.

Dick said: "You two stand right on this road, one here and one down hill a couple of hundred yards. I'll go back and come through the brush. Those deer are probably lying down in the sun between here and the pines."

BUT Van wouldn't let him do it. He said, "You two have done all the work all day and you're more than twice my age. I'll backtrack and jump them out."

To Van's proposal that he go back to where we had left the trail of the band Dick and I assented, reckoning his lameness would best be treated by keeping up the use of the muscles. We were all on edge, our fatigue forgotten, for the situation was the best of the whole day. All took place quickly. We were out in the open, in the warm sun of noon, and there was no discomfort in waiting and watching. Van must have made his way back to where we had given up the trail, on the pine-grove edge, in less than 20 minutes. I was crouching so that I could see close to the ground through the brush, as I always do in scrub oak land, and saw the moving legs of running deer coming my way. I cocked the rifle but they veered off to my right. A moment later I heard the report of Dick's piece. He was down hill from me at a bend in the old road, not in sight. I hurried to him and found him standing over a splendid buck which was all piled up in a heap against a cut bank.

Dick had taken his stand in this spot where the road gouged a little way through a depression so that he could crouch, hidden, against the bank on the side from which they came. He said that the big one was leading and that he had come so as to almost jump over him and

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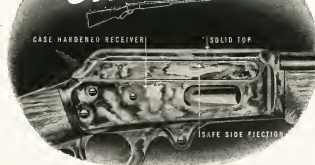
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the deer, which were only walking as he opened fire, were within 50 or 60 yards of him, but he failed to hit his target.

Dick quickly came through. He said that a single deer, a small buck, had dashed back into the swamp, running within 15 feet of him where he followed along on the trail of the band. This shooting had effectually scattered them. Three stayed together and we followed their trail north for a little way to where they turned up a ravine, drained by a small seepage brook, which cut into the hill north of the swamp from which they had but just come.

I claim that it was at this moment that I had one of those hunches which seem to come to the aid of children and incompetents at times, to enable them to keep on living, and enjoy some of the advantages which smart folks really earn.

"Dick," I said, "isn't this the place we were shooting woodcock one day a couple of years ago, the old Lambert place?"

"Sure is," he answered. "The old house stood on top of this hill, abandoned for years and burned by lightning finally. The road where you left the car leads up to it."

"Van," I said, "we've got one more chance. That gully those three deer went up leads into a swale which goes up the back of that hill and it's a natural deer-run. If we hurry back to the truck and drive as far up hill as we can, we might get ahead of them for I'll bet they are going to cross just about where the old place was."

"It's a good guess, Colonel," said Dick. "I was thinking that myself, but it's only a chance."

"Chances, in this game, are what you always try," I replied, and we started as fast as we could to get back to the road and the car.

DICK drove, and in five minutes we came to where what had once been the driveway of the farm turned aside from the dirt road. It was grown up to saplings but one could easily make way along it. As we jumped from the car Van offered, "Colonel, you're crazy. These deer are as wild as hawks," but I hurried on, letting him follow.

I was just in time, too. I came out into the opening which had once been the dooryard of a big farm, now growing up to birch and brush, and three deer that were walking along the other side of the open space stopped and snapped their heads up at gaze. The first was a good buck. I fired before he could gather himself to go. It was only about 50 yards and I dropped him in his tracks. Beside me Van's auto was spouting and, by the mercy of accident, this time he connected. The second of the trio was down and plunging.

With my eyes only on my own deer I ran forward, working the lever of my rifle, in case he should not be finished and might start to rise. But the one bullet, through fore shoulder and spine, had ended it. Then I turned, in time to see Van's deer lunging to its feet while he was nervously trying to jam shells into his magazine. Plunging, and frequently falling, this one got over the tumble-down remains of a stone wall, and off into the brush down a declivity beyond. I hurried after Van who had succeeded in reloading his rifle. It was a large doe, fortunately legal in the

state, and it was evidently badly hit and not capable of going far. Nevertheless experience with wounded deer has taught me never to be certain in this matter. It had gone all of three hundred yards before we saw it lying down under a small white pine on a slight rise before us, its head nodding. We were not 20 yards away.

Van stood staring and I said, "Hurry and finish it. She's going to get up again."

And then, for the first time in a long life of hunting, I saw an exhibition of a form of buck fever of which I had heard but never before witnessed. Van brought the rifle to his shoulder and, aiming into the ground not 15 feet before him, he proceeded to empty his magazine again. The five bullets made one hole in the snow not bigger than a 12-gauge shell. As he began to fire, the deer made a spasmodic effort to rise. I brought up my Winchester and put in a quick mercy shot, breaking its neck and ending the business.

THEN I turned to look at Van. He stood with his empty rifle, his eyes glassy, wearing a strange wooden expression. I shook him by the arm and he relaxed. Then a sort of silly grin succeeded and he spoke so that all the world could hear him: "I've got him! I've got him!"

To this day I have never told him otherwise. He had not been conscious of my shot fired from within 10 feet of him. Perhaps the deer would have died there, or he would have got her eventually. It was 20 minutes of 5 o'clock, getting nearly dark, and again turning cold, and it would not have been possible to make a long pursuit had she taken to her feet in one of those long spasmodic runs again. Her left fore shoulder had been broken by his bullet and she was thus three-legged, to all intents and purposes, yet a three-legged deer may go far if it once recovers from first shock of the bullet.

It was long after dark before we had the three deer hanging in Dick's barn and were resting after finishing one of Mrs. Dick's hearty New England suppers. The buck which Dick had shot was of 10 points and of very regular but not heavy antlers. Mine was a six-pointer, a young deer, but round and fat. Van's big doe, we agreed, was as good venison as any of them. As a day's hunt, for three men, it was an unusual bag and we sat before the open fire recounting, as hunters will, the episodes of the day which had led to one or another impasse, centering especially in the mistakes and bad luck of the forenoon.

As Mrs. Dick joined us, after finishing her work in the kitchen, Van was saying, "It's a lesson to me that you've got to keep at it in this deer hunting business. I was tired and sore and wanted to quit about noon, and, as a matter of fact, we had not begun the real hunt then. We were out before dawn but shot two of them on the edge of darkness, at night."

Mrs. Dick regarded him a bit quizzically. "Why, Mr. Van," she said, "I thought you said last summer that there was nothing in this deer hunting business. 'Just go where they are and shoot them.'"

We all sat silently for a moment, and then all burst out laughing. Van laughed with us and flushed a little.

"Maybe I thought that way then, Mrs. Dick, but that was a long time ago. I've grown up since."

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With the Skeet and Trap Shooters

Jimmy Robinson, Editor

No Sport Quite Like Trapshooting

Handicap Race Is Grand American's Greatest Attraction

THERE is no major sport quite like trapshooting. Overnight a trapshooter can win the Grand American Handicap, which carries national publicity and a big cash purse. No other sport can offer these rewards to a newcomer. It takes

years to make a great golfer. The same thing is true of hockey, baseball, billiards or any other sport.

Trapshooting's greatest attraction is the Grand American

Handicap race. No shooter has ever repeated. You will hear them argue that the world's championship should be decided on the National Championship race of 200 targets or the All-around tussle. This may be true, but the Handicap is and always will be the feature of the big trapshoot. Once a shooter breaks 49 out of 50 at his local gun club, he figures he can do it at the Grand American. That is the reason why the Grand American Handicap race attracts the big entry at the Grand.

We won't have much trouble in selecting the captain of our 1943 All-America Trapshooting Team. Herschel Cheek of Clinton, Ind., took care of that himself at the Grand American. He won the Class

Grand American Notes



CAPT. MAC ALLEN, former ad man for Western Cartridge (third from left), instructs aviation cadets at Foster Field, Texas, in the principles of deflection shooting on the post's skeet range.

AA championship, was a member of the Indiana State team champs and climaxed the week by winning the All-around Championship. It gives us great pleasure to name Cheek captain of our annual team. He is a very popular fellow with everybody, never boasts about his shooting and is a credit to the sport of trapshooting.

Glad to see George Gillette of Sturtevant, Wis., get at least a chance to shoot off for the Grand American Handicap. George, you will recall, broke 24 out of 25 in the shoot-off, took third place in the Grand. He is one of the real boosters of trapshooting, shot 8,000 registered targets last season. Without sportsmen like George Gillette, trapshooting would die a natural death.

Upsets galore featured the 1943 Grand American. Just two gunners repeated, the records show. They were Rudy Etchen in the Doubles and Roy Foxworthy in the Sub-junior. All new champions is a healthy sign for any sport. People tire of the same old champs, year after year. In win-

ning the Women's title, Florence Mos again proved herself the great shot that she is. Here is a girl who has been up with the leaders, year after year. She is a better shot than 85% of the women gunners who have won the Women's championship in the past. Nothing flashy or boastful about Florence. Just a real good shot, one of the best that this field has produced.

NOBODY can predict the future of Grand Americans until the war is over. Maybe it will be possible to have shells for the Grand American next year. The War Department wants to keep the American people gunminded and action around any gun club is much better than action around a night club. So, don't be surprised if Uncle Sam opens up and delivers a few shotgun shells to the trapshooters next year. Athletics are a part of war and why shouldn't we have trapshooting just as much as baseball?

I was asked by a trapshooting fan the other day if any records were broken at



CAPT. KI STEINER is a member of the Air Corps at Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio. Before the war Ki owned his own gun club at Thunder Lake, northern Minnesota.

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S/SGT. C. D. MILLER (extreme right), skeet instructor at Blockland Army Flying School, Waco, Texas, teaches skeet to (left to right) Capt. Thomas H. Schnebly, Lt. William Baker, Lt. Robert Gibb and Lt. William Kinzie.

the Grand American this year. Yes, just one. I don't recall any woman winning both the Grand American Handicap title and Grand American Preliminary handicap the same year. Skipper Winski turned the trick this year.

Only one man has won both features races in the history of trapshooting. He was Russ Barber of Paulina, Iowa, who won both titles at Indianapolis in 1905. Russ copped the Grand American Handicap with 99 out of 100, the Preliminary with 98. Several years ago in Long Beach, Cal., Russ was chatting at the Long Beach club with Charlie Flannigan, me and several others. "I just couldn't miss that year," said Russ. "Just before I boarded the train, my wife placed a four leaf clover on my gun stock."

Bobby Lee Stifal, 17, great little shot out of Casey, Ill., has an unique record in the Grand American. He manages to win one title each year. Three years ago, Bobby copped the Sub-junior. Last year he banged out 156 out of 200 to carry off the D class championship and this year he won the Junior title with 99 x 100. A fine boy and a great shot.

If you are a 95% shooter, you have a chance in any race at the Grand American. Take a look at these averages: Champion of Champions L. E. Smith, 95%; Orla Booher, our new Amateur clay target champion, 95%; J. R. Hinkle, Professional champion, 93%; Jasper Rogers, Grand American king, 85%, and Jimmy

Sabata, Preliminary winner, 91%. These targets are based on the 1942 averages.

Bill Fienup, that fine sportsman out of St. Louis, who wears that big smile, still had the smile at the recent Grand, but there was something missing. It was the first time in years that Bill came to the Grand by his lonesome. Sons Ray and Wilbur are in the Armed Forces and what a pair of real boys for Uncle Sam! Can't remember ever meeting a more devoted dad who coached both of his boys to be good shots and AA shotmen.

IF YOU happened around the press tent at the Grand some evening about 9 P.M., when the newspaper boys were finishing their daily work, you might see two enthusiastic sportsmen looking over the big score board. These two veterans of trap-shooting never miss the Grand American. They are the backbone of the Uhrichsville, O., gun club. One is P. A. Romig. The other is J. B. Carson. The latter has been president of the Uhrichsville gun club for 46 years and is still going strong. Both shoot traps because they love the smell of gunpowder and the outdoors.

The A.T.A. has been lucky in selecting presidents. All have been great since the days that Frank D. Stoop of Spokane took over the first job of this kind in 1923 when the amateurs decided to run the trapshooting sport. This year is no exception. Ralph Jenkins is at the top post. Not only is Ralph a good business man, but year in and year out he is one of the toughest all-around shots in the nation. Besides helping Indiana win the State Team race, Ralph broke 199 out of 200 to take second honors in the North American Clay Target Race.

Ray Loring will remain as manager of the Amateur Trapshooting Association, which is taken for granted. There is only one Ray Loring. He has been visiting trapshoots for over 40 years and can figure out a program quicker than any man in the business. I once heard Fred King at Pinehurst say: "Ray Loring is the kind of a man that I would like at the head of my business." Never excited, no matter how tough the going, Ray Loring makes the perfect manager for the Grand American, where 1,000 trapshooters gather with

GEORGE GILLETTE, Sturtevant, Wis., shot 8,000 registered targets last year. He tied for the Grand American Handicap with 97

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Answers to Sportsman's Quiz

(Questions on page 4)

- False. J. H. Fitzgerald, of the Colt manufacturing company, states that the left-hand twist was used in the .45 automatic barrel merely because the company was already tooled up for left-hand twist when they started manufacturing that arm, and points out further that the normal tendency of a shooter is to pull the gun toward the left, rather than to the right, when firing, and refers us to his booklet of police firing instructions, in which the shooter is taught to press the thumb firmly against the left side of the gun in an effort to offset this tendency.
- The roadrunner, a southwestern desert bird, has two toes pointing forward and two backward. The roadrunner's feet are large and strong for walking and running.
- The last statement. The porcupine never gives birth to five young in one litter. Usually only one. The other statements could be true.
- By immersing in water and massaging.
- Plug water outlets, to keep dust out.
- Warm it with your hand. Rubbing with snow or ice is likely to bruise and tear the tissue and gangrene may result.
- The striped bass, which is duplicated in virtually every detail by the fresh-water white bass.
- The bolt assembly is less strong. The Krag bolt has but one locking lug; the Springfield has two, thus can handle safely a heavier charge.
- Because with drag the lure produces a definite wake, revealing the lure to be artificial. Hence, the fish ignores the lure.
- A very old idea. There are sixteenth century matchlock guns in several well known American collections, including the U. S. Cartridge Company's with crude "swivels" for cords or straps.
- Hanging your coat on a nearby hush.
- Walking at a fast trotting gait. A dog's muscular development is such that at a fast trotting pace, more muscles are used than in an easy running gait.
- To have dug deep into springs with soft bottoms.
- False. Drop shot, while it carries more feathers into the meat than chilled shot will, flattens and has greater shocking power.
- False. Bullhead catfish, for example, may live in hibernation in the mud for some time and then revive when the pond becomes filled with water again.
- Approximately 11.
- Wildfowl hunters. "Kee-men" are voluntary workers with Ducks Unlimited (Canada), whose duties are connected with the preservation and increase of duck populations.
- False. The Federal migratory bird regulations do not permit the taking of ducks with .22 caliber rifles and pistols. Migratory birds may be taken only with shotguns not larger than 10-gauge, fired from the shoulder, and with haws and arrows. There is a 3-shell limit on repeating shotguns, either hand-operated or auto-loading.
- Because considerable more foot-drag was shown. Ducks show more foot-drag than does.
- Reptitching.



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Dime Out

(Continued from page 23)

good friend Orv, while he walked over and looked at my reel. "I could not do that well. I do not think anything outside of a cuckoo could build a nest like that."

Then he hauled out a bass from some place of confinement on his person, which I admit it looked almost as big as the 3 lbs which he claimed, and started stroking its back dorsal fin. It was a big temptation, but I did not hit him, as he has at least 30 lbs. advantage.

THERE is a little blank space in my memory right here, I do not exactly recall just what did happen then, but logical minds like me can always reconstruct an incidence. In fact, when I am reading a mystery story, I often have it solved before the author does, and sometimes better.

I must of unwittingly twitched my yellow plug, which was still floating near the log, while I was jabbing and pulling viscously at the tangle of line. Anyway, there was an awful splash, like a 250-lb. dairyman falling into a tub of buttermilk backwards, and a fountain of water spouted up into my startled face. With the true Walton spirit, I yanked back on my rod, and as I did my feet slipped and I sat down, calm and cooled in a ft. of water.

But I am not one to take something sitting down. Quick as a flash of lightning, I was back on my feet, wondering why did things always have to happen to me and what was it anyway.

You can't blame me for saying in leery wrath to my two cronies who were standing there with jaws agape:

"What's the idea?" because of course the finger of suspicion pointed at them in my falldown.

"Watch him! Don't stand there blinking like an idiot! Give him line!" All of a sudden they were jumping up and down and hollering and laughing and pointing and a great light unlightened me, while I coolly took command of the little drama which was being enacted with me in the hero's roll.

For once again I had demonstrated my ability to overtake adversity against long odds, and there on the end of my line, on the very tackle which they had bemirrored so heartlessly, was a monster black bass, splashing and tugging and struggling against a master hand.

"Be calm, now," I said to myself as I girdled myself for battle. "Do not horse him in. Fishing is a game of give in take."

But, alas! Did you ever try to cope with a big fish under the serious handicap of a lashed back without mentioning other fancies? To one of lesser attainments than I it would of been a fute task, but I grated my teeth and prepared to fight it out on that line if it took all summer, as another noted man once said.

"Give him line. Don't let him get under that log. Keep your rod tip up." Uncoherent and excitable bits of advice like that came from my admirers on the sideline.

"It's easy, does it?" I said to myself. I gave him the but, as the expression is, but just a little, to see if he was tired yet. He wasn't even a little weary. He was filled

with esprit de corps, as the French say. Like the saying goes, his answer might of been, "I have just begun to fight, even if it takes all summer." Hell hath no fury like a woman scored except a mad bass, I always say, and I was right again.

Now my finny adversary took the bait between his teeth and dashed towards me, glaring like he wanted to chew a great mouthful of flesh off of the fleshy part of my leg, and fighting for tooth and toenail.

"Do not give him slack," my two stooges hollered through the spray, and suiting my action to their words, I reeled frantically on the dime store winch, which felt none too stanch.

But you never can tell what a bass is thinking, because like a bullet in the blue, he swirled and zipped in the opposite direction.

"Give him line!" I heard someone shout dimly amidst all the commotion of battle. But he was quickly at the end of my rope, the bass I mean, in a manner of speaking, and again I was in the predicament of not having any line to give him. But still I proved equal to rise to any height of emergency. Without an instance hesitation I litterly ran into the water, following the bass into his own element, and no doubt surprising him greatly.

But it surprised me too, on acct. of the water was deeper than I had bargained, and in two steps the 4th button on my vest, counting from the bottom, was covered, and I was slowly being drag deeper into the murky depth.

A LESSER character than I might of given up the ghost of a chance in panic at the thought of a watery grave, but I only stilled my nerves as the cold water shocked me into sensibleness and realized I did not have on my water wings. "This will never do," I said to myself. "Man was meant to stay on land, the fowls in the air, and let the fish have the water." And forth with that, I started to back out, changing my stragedy and deciding to land my quarry by other means.

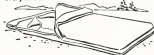
Back on bank, covered with algy, I let the bass have his head while I mapped out a new plan. By now he was very mad and the water was frothing and foaming, but at that, I knew at least one of us was



"I hope it won't bother you if I splash around in here . . ."



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raise it sufficiently to glimpse them as soon as they cleared the curve of earth ahead of me, and waited. And waited. It seemed like an hour and nothing happened. I didn't even hear them, and their shrill calling should be good for 200 yards, even against the wind.

Then, suddenly, I saw motion along the horizon—far to the right. I rolled my head ever so slightly and saw the first birds of the flock less than six feet off the ground and heading right for the decoys. Their wings were set and they rocked gently in that rushing air, letting gravity pull them ahead and down. I rolled my head a bit more and saw the rest of the flock coast into sight; closer, but still out of range. But those leaders could not be more than 30 yards from where Morgan was surely pressing himself deeper into the frozen dirt.

THE flock moved on another 20 yards, and, suddenly, I saw Morgan erupt out of cover against the skyline. His three-shot salvo rang out like machine-gun fire and I saw one bird drop cleanly, while a second gyrated wildly in the air as if desperately hit. But they dropped out of the tail end of that flock, not the birds that were nearest him.

Then the whole flock broke ranks and turned away from the shooting, riding the urging wind to safety. Before I realized it they were riding down on me like a flock of swallows. Throwing all caution aside I reared out of that blind and swung to face them. The lead bird was at least 10 yards ahead of the flock and my gun muzzle picked him up, rode with him for a few feet, then swung ahead and the familiar thump of the recoil jarred my shoulder.

He staggered and broke the smooth action of his wings, but kept on paddling and I led him a bit more with my second. At that shot he fell, head down and with

his feathers in violent disarray as the wind tore at them. Hastily I slammed the final load into the barrel and, swinging well ahead of a tailender, pulled again and saw the bird slant out of the flock and start rapidly losing altitude.

I slipped three more loads into the gun and stood up, the better to watch that cripple down. It fluttered steadily lower until it seemed a sudden gust of wind upset it and a plume of dust rose where it crashed to earth, nearly a quarter-mile away. With only a glance to locate my first kill, I started out after this one and found it—stone dead—a dozen feet from where it had first hit the ground.

By the time I got back Morgan was driving the car in from the farmyard and I gathered the decoys in two piles for his pickup. The wind still blew in icy fury but, somehow, it didn't seem so cold. Only when I got out my camera and took the pictures that appear on these pages did I realize how sheltered I'd been in the shallow bowl of my blind.

On the way home, late that afternoon, Morgan still wore a smug grin, and I knew it didn't come from the dozen ringneck cocks that were slowly stiffening in the trunk. We'd dropped one of our geese at that farmhouse and received the enthusiastic thanks of the housewife. Another went to Watson Beed, manager of the Sand Lake Game Refuge, for his timely hint that not all the white-fronts had hit the southward trail.

And, when Thanksgiving Day rolled around and we gathered around a steaming platter of roast goose, I echoed the sentiments of one of my boys:

"Anybody can have turkey for Thanksgiving, but it takes a hunter's family to have wild goose."

And, I might add, especially white-fronted geese; the plumpest and most flavorful member of all the wild goose clan.

Moose Hunting in the Northwest

(Continued from page 16)

good work low down through the shoulders. This bull had a 48-inch spread and a very pretty, symmetrical head with wider palms than usually seen on eastern moose.

To revert from the sublime to the ridiculous, we pitched our tepee on the bank of the river where I had shot this moose. In front of the tepee door was a little pine about four feet high. The following morning when I came out the door, there sitting on a diminutive limb of that little tree was a baby porcupine about the size of a red-squirrel.

Two sub-species of the common American moose (*Alces americana americana*) are recognized. *Alces gigas*, the giant moose of the Kenai Peninsula, Alaska, and *Alces americana albus*, the moose of the vicinity of Yellowstone Park, Wyoming. The record head is of the species *gigas* and measures—greatest spread 77½"; length of palm, right 15½", left 20"; circumference above brow, right 8½", left 8½"; number of points, right 15, left 18. The antlers are from the body of a moose found by Alaskan guides on the Kaslof

River, Kenai Peninsula, Alaska, October, 1938. They were purchased by Mr. Wilton Lloyd-Smith and presented by him to the American Museum of Natural History, New York, where they are now mounted on the head of one of the large bulls in the Alaskan Moose Group in that museum.

Previously the head recognized as the record was that in the Field Museum in Chicago which also came from Kenai Peninsula and has a spread of 76½ inches.

The record for *Alces americana americana* came from Peace River, Alberta, in 1922, has a spread of 73 inches, and is now in the Canadian Bank of Commerce in Edmonton. The largest eastern moose was



Head from moose shot by F. C. Selous, MacMillan River, Yukon Territory. The author sketched the drawing after one made by J. G. Mills, English artist.



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killed by Lazare Russell in Northumberland County, New Brunswick, in 1916 and has a spread of 69½ inches.

Moose at Salt Water

I STAND doubly corrected. In the August issue of Sports Afield I made the remark, relative to the distribution of moose, that I believed they never wet their feet in salt water.

Promptly came a letter from Stanley E. Wallace of Bath, Maine, stating that in his section they frequently see moose on the clam flats and swimming in the salt water bays. He was with a party that shot a moose within 100 yards of the ocean in New Brunswick.

And as if this was not enough evidence, Ted Handy of Seward, Alaska writes me that moose range right down to salt water on Kenai Peninsula; that moose have been known to swim across salt water bays, and that he himself has watched them feeding on salt grass and kelp for their salt content.

What a distribution—over 4,000 miles. I do not believe any other wild animal has such an east and west distribution today, unless it be the wolf or otter. Probably the otter has the widest distribution of all, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Arctic Circle to Patagonia. I myself once shot an otter in Panama, and the fur was prime although short.

Angling Jinxes Are Silly

(Continued from page 13)

eyes bugged out.

"Limit!" shouted Harry. "You've got two."

After we had recovered from our astonishment, we explained to the tyro that he'd better divide his fish with his buddy or he'd be picked up by the game warden. He'd known only that the limit was 25 and didn't know about the 10 pounds and one fish pound limit for big fish. I'll swear that bird didn't have a single fish under a pound!

"Where'd you get 'em?" demanded Harry.

"Down the canyon," he grinned. "Pretty tough getting out. Must have taken us a couple hours. The trail's pretty slippery on account of the wet weather."

"What'd you use?" asked George.

"Here it is. I don't know what you call it."

He showed a small plug, one trout fishermen ordinarily use in trolling from a boat.

That's fishing for you. Just when I've decided nothing counts like skill and hard work along comes a dub like this guy.

"That settles it!" enthused Harry. "I'm gonna fish the gorge tomorrow if I have to use skis."

"And you may have to from the looks of the sky," laughed George.

Needless to say we didn't need an alarm clock. I woke up a dozen times, dreaming of a big trout pulling me into the water from a slippery rock. Snores of varying pitch showed both George and Harry would be fresh the next day while I'd probably be pooped for lack of sleep.

I reached for my flashlight for the dozenth time. My watch said 3:30, so I shook Harry and George.

Throughout all their great range moose are practically the same animal with the same habits. The moose of Kenai Peninsula are larger with heavier antlers merely because the climate and food are more congenial.

Mr. Handy further remarks that the Alaska moose respond to the call just as Eastern moose do, but that calling is rarely used in Alaska except for taking pictures, as they respond to the call only during the mating season when the meat is usually too strong for eating. My own experience has been that the meat of bull moose is less strong in proportion to other seasons than that of other hoofed animals.

There are firms in eastern Canadian cities that make a business of keeping moose meat in cold storage, and shipping it to sportsmen as they wish it, and this includes almost entirely moose killed in late September, the height of the mating season. Sportsmen find such meat at least tolerable eating. But I don't believe anyone would care much for bull caribou or a big old billy goat killed during the rut. I have tried both, but not very much. The fat of mountain goat killed at such seasons can be used: not exactly delicious, however, but usable for frying. Yes, I used it for three weeks once.

I think that these letters have brought out some very interesting facts about this largest of all of our ungulates.—Townsend Whelen.

"Get up, you bums! Think you're gonna sleep all day? This is the last day of the season. Remember!"

"Your watch's fast," growled Harry, sleepily.

"Listen," said George.

I listened intently.

"Just the river," I said.

"River, hell! Listen again."

George was right. No mistaking the gentle patter on the roof. I thought of that slippery trail out of the gorge and my old jinx blacked out any prospects of fishing for the day.

Over coffee we weighed the chances for the day.

"No need to gloat over you guys now. We're here and we might as well make the best of it."

Harry and George were silent after I made that crack.

"Maybe," said George finally, "we can start in where we fished yesterday and work upstream to the gorge."

"Sure," said Harry. "We can fish to the gorge. But no farther upstream. We can't wade the river. And the canyon walls are too steep."

The drizzle kept up as we drove up the highway to the bridge.

"You guys can fish," I said, when Harry stopped the car at the span across the boulder-lined stream. "I'm gonna stay in the car. I can read a book or catch up on some of the sleep I've lost."

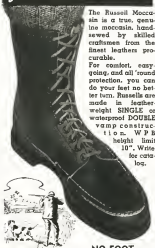
"What the heck," said Harry. "You're cutting off your nose to spite your face. You and your silly superstitions!"

"Well," I replied, a bit guilty, "if I had a coat like you fellows I'd go. I'll get soaked with just this sleeveless vest."

"Oh, that's O.K.," laughed George. "I've got an extra coat in my duffel bag."

I was on the spot. So I took George's

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climbed around a huge boulder just above the swiftest pool I ever saw. He was at the edge of the riffle below the pool, his rod arched, and I could see he had on a good one.

Before I could rush to his side with my landing net he'd slipped a finger into the giant Loch Leven's gill and had him flopping out on the rocks in the shallow

water. A dandy, better than 20 inches long, and fat!

"How about your pet jinx now?" laughed Harry as he held up his prize. "Well, if I hadn't fallen in I might never have got any fishing," I alighted.

But maybe I've broken the hoodoo. Anyway, I won't worry much about it until next October.

By-passed Birds

(Continued from page 49)

valley filled from brim to brim with kaffir cornfields, cornfields, cane fields and soybean fields, separated by brushy ravines, brushy fence lines, brushy Osage orange hedges and brushy old rock fences. And not an inkling of it was apparent from any highway. I have killed many birds in that little valley.

I took John to the soybeans first. It had been a destructively wet fall. Few crops of any kind had been harvested. The fields were littered with shattered grain. That valley was a paradise for bobwhites.

At the first brushy fence line John kicked an empty shell box. A new shell box.

"Left here today," he reckoned.

He reckoned right. The soybean covey was scattered and mostly gone. We didn't know this at first and afterward regretted the single which the pup pointed, while Skipper bucked, and we both shot.

We couldn't locate the brushy stone fence covey at all. We wasted an hour there, finding only more fresh empty shotgun shells and tell-tale quail feathers.

The pup must be credited with showing us the remainder we had left Sunday of the huge swarm which year after year has wintered in the tree clump well out in a wheat stubblefield.

But that remainder was no longer either numerous or a swarm. Nip lined out beautifully on five wild runners. Skipper went around them and stopped them. Major settled down on a laguer ahead of John. Andy, tagging as usual, backed behind us.

John connected with the quail Major had pointed, before he realized that only six birds had arisen. I did the same with one of Skipper's runners.

"Somebody certainly slaughtered your three coveys since last Sunday," John said, regretfully, when it was all over. "That's enough for here. Too many. Know any other good places?"

The accent on the "good" was pronounced.

I didn't and said so. If hunters had found my hidden valley, there just seemed no hope. I begged John to do some more place picking and promised contritely to do exactly as I was told.

We went to the car, had lunch, took some photographs, did some driving.

ANOTHER steam shovel attracted our attention. John began to slow down.

"Learned anything today?" he inquired suggestively.

I had. I took one look at the brushy draw alongside new coal workings, with a cornfield on one side of it and a big hedge across its lower end and recited the lesson I had learned:

"It doesn't seem possible," I said, "but maybe those other sixty-and-five bird hunters who have driven along this road so far this year took one look at that smoke-belching steam shovel and passed up another spot of virgin quail territory."

"You'll do," Johnnie complimented me with reservations. "You're hard-headed, but you do learn—give you time."

The reservations were in order. Once more, I confess, it didn't seem possible to me that quail could be found in such a prominent place, but having said that I had learned my lesson, I meant to try it out. Besides I wasn't going to have Johnnie laugh at me any more.

I couldn't believe it then and I can only with difficulty believe it now, but before I had walked a hundred yards down that draw I stepped plunk into the middle of 18 big fluffy birds. For once Andy was off hunting the corn and John's dogs were east of him in some kaffir.

Andy came bounding at my yell and together we marked that grand virgin covey down, scattered far and wide, beyond the hedge, scattered in the open!

Andy was frozen on the first of several singles before John, the other dogs and I got there. Singles! We had them. One right after the other until our bags were filled. We actually pulled those good dogs off point to take them home. All this on the last day of a 51-day quail season. mind you!

Take Care of Dog's Eyes and Coat

AT this time of the year, many dogs suffer from inflamed eyes. Hanging dogs are perhaps the greatest sufferers, but even the average house dog is susceptible to this eye trouble. In early autumn grasses, weeds, and shrubs go to seed. As a dog gallops through them the impact sends a number of sharp-edged seeds into his eyes. It is almost as if a handful of sand were tossed into your own eyes. The seeds then work their way into the corners of the dog's inner lids, causing a painful inflammation.

Make it a practice during the fall months to take a few minutes each day to examine your dog's eyes. Sponging them

with a weak solution of boric acid and lukewarm water should ward off trouble, and remove seeds.

While checking your pet's eyes, it is advisable to examine his coat for burrs. These are another fall nemesis of dogs. Burrs entangled in a dog's coat if not removed will produce an unsightly matting of hair. The correct way to get rid of burrs without injury to the coat is to pick them out by hand. However, the use of scissors may be necessary in some instances, but first try removing them by picking them out with your fingers.

Take care of your dog now. He will hunt better. —Peter Boggs.

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Repeating Shotguns—Major Charles Askins
A Study of the .22 Hunting Rifle—Colonel Townsend Whelen
Hunting Mule Deer in the Rockies—Arthur H. Carhart
Double Shotguns Help You Hit—Maurice H. Decker
The Ducks on Your Duck Stamps—Lt. (jg) Ormal I. Sprungman, USNR
Your Deer Comes Back to Life—Jack Van Coevering
How Good Is the .270 Winchester?—Monroe H. Goode
Skinning a Squirrel—Frank E. Lindhurst
Meat Is Meat—Allyn H. Tedmon
Hunting the Honkers—Bert Popowski
So You Want To Camp Out—L. A. Wilke
Know Your Game!—Walter J. Wilwerding
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How to Make a Wild Duck Decoy—Walt Bush
Must We Scrap an Old Friend?—Clyde Baker
Summary of North American Hunting Laws—K. McGrann
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GENERAL HENRY H. ARNOLD, Chief of the Army Air Forces, demonstrates on play birds the importance of correct "lead" at Bolling Field, Washington, D.C. He is using the 1,000,000th Winchester 12-gauge shotgun which was presented to him by the Winchester employees.

Four Methods of Dressing Wild Ducks

(Continued from page 32)

do not enter into the picture at all for they all come off with the skin. This most assuredly is an advantage to be considered if the ducks are killed in early season when pin feathers are thick and add much to the drudgery of the picking ordeal.

On the disadvantage side of the ledger, ducks that are skinned do not look nearly as nice as those that are plucked. The fat is also removed with the skin and meat is then, when roasted, quite dry. Some people like it this way, and if so the skinning method should always be used. This dryness, if not desired, can be eliminated by placing several strips of bacon or fresh side pork on the breast of each duck before placing in the roasting oven. Perhaps this last suggestion is trespassing slightly on the cook's department, and the writer knows by bitter experience that this is dangerous territory.



CHARLES E. HOFFELT, Estelline, South Dakota, won the \$500 first prize in the Morlin gun contest. Second and third prizes were won, respectively, by Lt. G. R. Hunter and Pvt. George E. Larsson. Major Charles Askins, acting gun editor of Sports Afield, was one of the three judges.

Old Indian Method of Cleaning Coot



Fig. 1



Fig. 2



Fig. 3



Fig. 4

MOST duck hunters look upon the lumbering, slow-flying coot, or mud hen, as just something that clutters up our marshes. We have all seen, at some time or other, so-called sportsmen shoot them just for practice or to get the gun barrel warm and then not even bother to pick them up. That is poor sportsmanship at any time and with the present meat shortage is practically sabotage.

It is unfortunate that the name "mud hen" was ever given these birds. Most persons who have never eaten them imagine that they taste muddy. Why should they? True, they feed in the shallow waters among the weeds and rushes, but so do all our so-called dipper ducks.

Perhaps you are one who thinks it too much trouble to dress coot for the amount of meat on each bird. The purpose of this article is to present a simple method of cleaning coot. Last season I demonstrated to a hunting companion and, with no thought of making a speed test of it, found that it took less than five minutes per bird. This is how it is done.

First step. With a sharp hand axe or hatchet cut off the head and wings close to the body and the feet about a half inch above the knee joint (Fig. 1). Finish each step with all the birds to be cleaned before proceeding with the next step.

Second step. With a sharp knife cut an incision about an inch or slightly longer through the skin crosswise on the breast and do the same just opposite across the back (Fig. 2). Now insert the first two fingers of each hand in either the breast or back incision and pull. The skin will tear around the body of the bird, one half

slipping over the head and the other half over the legs.

Third step. Lay the skinned carcass on its back and with a knife make two cuts through the thin membrane over the lower points of the breast (Fig. 3). Grasp carcass by rear end, insert first and second fingers of other hand in these incisions and pull breasts off carcass.

Fourth step. Lay balance of carcass on its side on a cutting or bread board and with the point of a stout knife cut through backbone just above the hip joint (Fig. 4). Grasp front end of carcass, insert two fingers of other hand in this incision and pull off the legs.

You now have all the edible meat, breast and legs, which require no further cleaning other than washing in cold water. There is no mess, as the remaining carcass is still incased in a thin membrane.

This method of cleaning coot may sound complicated, but follow directions closely and by the time you are finishing the third bird you will be a veteran. This fall, go out and get a mess of them, clean as instructed, simmer in an iron kettle over a slow fire, season to taste and see if you don't agree that you have been passing up some mighty good food.

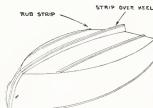
How to Cook Coot Like Pheasant.—Roll the pieces of coot lightly in flour. Fry gently to a golden brown in butter—or your favorite wartime substitute. When nicely browned remove the pieces to a casserole, salting and peppering them. Make a cream gravy in the frying pan, using a little flour for thickening, although it should not be very thick. Salt and pepper it to taste and turn over the pieces of coot in the casserole. Bake until the meat is well-done and tender.—Ed. C. Hewitt.

Rub Strips Protect the Bottom of a Small Boat

IF a small boat is kept where it is necessary to pull it up on a rough or rocky beach, rub strips of oak or other hardwood will protect the bottom from much unnecessary wear.

Such protection is particularly advisable if the boat is of canvas-covered or plywood construction. The drawing shows rub strips installed on a small plywood boat. These strips can be made from pieces about $\frac{3}{4}$ " x $1\frac{1}{4}$ " and are screwed to the chine, transom, and bottom frames of the boat. Any number of rub strips can be used and they may be easily replaced when they become badly worn.

The drawing also shows a rub strip screwed to the keel for additional protection. This strip can be easily replaced whereas replacement of a worn keel might be very difficult. If all parts of the bottom



which have a tendency to rub or chafe cannot be protected by strips these parts should be frequently well painted with hard bottom paint so that the paint and not the plywood or canvas will take the wear.—Willard Crandall.

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BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Fresh Water Fishing

Cal Johnson, Editor

Rejuvenation of Troutless Streams

Introduction of Browns Will Restore Depleted Waters

ONE DAY during the period of the waning trout fishing season I was standing on a bridge that crossed a stream I had not seen in some 15 years. How well I remembered the creels of brook trout I had taken from the clear, bubbling waters that flowed into Chequamegon Bay and eventually mingled with the ever cool waters of Lake Superior. Yes, Whittelsey Creek had long been noted for its abundance of speckled trout and the shaded waters always beckoned to me to spend a day angling for the red dotted piscatorial beauties that swam its clear, chilly waters. In those days a heavy growth of willows and other foliage almost hid the stream and its winding path of aquatic beauty was a haven for those who liked to fish with a short rod and a hook baited with a job of garden hackle—or a nice fat grubworm.

As I stood there contemplating whether to fish a dry or wet fly, as now the stream side was no longer teeming with an abundance of foliage and the use of a long rod

and fly line was in order, I heard footsteps behind me. I turned to see another fisherman approaching. When he came near I remarked how nice the stream looked, but dwelt a moment on how bare things were as compared to the time I knew the stream more intimately.

"Yeah, nice stream," replied the stranger. "Caught a three-pound brown trout right under this bridge late yesterday afternoon, too."

"Brown trout!" I answered. "You don't mean brown trout are in this stream—only caught brook trout years ago, as I recall."

"Yep—just like most of the old brook trout streams around here. Lots of big browns now. Ain't like it used to be, Mister."

So there again was the proof that the brown trout population is ever on the increase in many of the old streams that were noted only for their fine brook trout fishing. Well, we may as well accept this condition now as later, for it's a well

known fact that brown trout (*Salmo fario*) are scheduled to restock many of our old brook trout waters on account of the changed atmosphere of the stream. Brown trout can survive in waters that reach a much higher temperature than can the brook or rainbow trout, so why not introduce this excellent fish in all streams that are no longer correct for other trout species? Cut-away bank foliage and the advance of rural population and expanding of nearby towns and villages cannot help but alter the conditions of many local trout streams, therefore it may be well to recognize the possibilities of the brown trout as a substitute for other species which may be on the wane.

Trout, to many fishermen, are valued according to their ability to fight and their mood toward biting frequently. The

BROWN TROUT have replaced brook trout in many lowland streams, for brooks cannot stand the warm water and browns can



brown trout possesses these qualities. He rises to a fly and also gobbles natural baits with zest. He grows to a larger average size than the brook trout, but does not seem to be as prolific a breeder as the brookie. Perhaps if we direct more attention to the brown trout they will become more abundant.

Hundreds of streams throughout the country have suffered from pollution and loss of bank cover. Water temperatures have become higher in areas where forest fires have swept through or where timber cutting has seriously damaged the bank cover, exposing the stream to the warm rays of the summer sun. Many such streams have become almost fishless. Years may remedy the situation if forest fires are kept out and foliage permitted to grow, but what to do in between times is a problem of the fisherman.

Maybe the planting of brown trout is the answer. By introducing this fine fish in depleted streams, we will be able to perpetuate trout fishing for generations to come. I do not recommend planting brown trout in streams which now boast an ample population of brook or rainbow trout because there is a possibility of the brown trout soon dominating the stream waters and perhaps jeopardizing the future welfare of the brook trout therein. There are many streams, however, where the brown trout can be introduced successfully, and, once he really gets a foothold, the fishermen of the vicinity will not regret his presence, for he is a swell foe for the fly fisherman, an excellent bag of tricks for the bait fisherman and a welcome fish for the pan—really an all-around piece of fish life that fits well wherever he is placed.

Sport-fishing for the Fighting Lake Trout

DUE to the long open season in which it can be taken and the superb excellency of its pinkish flesh, the lake trout has gained an enviable reputation as a sport fish. While trolling is perhaps the most widely followed method of fishing for these streamlined denizens of cold northern waters, there are other ways of taking these great fish with lightweight tackle that contributes more thrills and sport.

As the game now stands, great numbers of lake trout are taken on trolling rigs, chiefly because it is generally necessary to fish close to the bottom in waters that range anywhere from 50 to 300 feet deep. Through mid-July to mid-September the lake trout inhabit deep sections of the lake; therefore most of the fish are caught when trolling a metal wobbler or spoon lure that travels only a few feet above the rock and boulder-strewn bottoms.

When we speak of "sport-fishing" for lake trout we refer mostly to the possibilities of catching these fine fish on ordinary bait-casting equipment. The standard bass or muskellunge outfit will suffice. A rod with enough whippy action to permit casting a long line, upon which is attached a weighted bass fly or any of the well known metal wobblers, but with enough "backbone" to handle a fairly large trout, will answer well. The standard level-winding bait-casting reel of 100

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DEEP-WATER LAKE TROUT from Grand Marais, Minnesota, displayed by N. N. Nadeau, Minneapolis, who says the fish went 28 pounds.

yards capacity of 20-pound test line will serve perfectly. It is not necessary to purchase any special equipment when following this method of fishing for lake trout—the customary bass outfit will prove successful in any waters when the trout are in the shallows to semi-shallows during spring and early summer or late in the autumn.

ACCURACY in bait-casting is thrown to the four winds when casting for lake trout. In fact, the placing of a long cast is the most important because it matters little just where the lure strikes the water just so that it is over the rugged bar or rock shoal where the trout are likely to be. Lake trout love to nose around among the bottom boulders and rock crevices, and, inasmuch as there are hundreds of such locations over a single expanse of water, the cast may fall where it may—your chances being as good in one place as another. If it were possible to detect the hiding and stalking places of the trout beneath the surface, then the sport of bait-casting for these good fish would take on even greater significance, for then it would call for accuracy in placing your lure if you desired to have your lure travel directly over the darkened waters that form around a deep crevice or around the shaded portion of a submerged boulder. However, even though you make so-called "blind" casts over expanses of water that hides the bottoms, it's ten to one that your lure passes over spots that are attractive to shallow water lake trout.

Flat rock shoals or rocky shores where the waters drop off into deep holes are rarely good for bait-casting. Always seek places where a boulder shoal reaches well out into the lake. It is not difficult to locate such spots. The deeper waters are always darker in color, while the shoal waters are a light brown or grayish hue, generally. A reef surrounded by deep water extends an opportunity for both bait-casting and trolling. It is best to troll the waters at the fringe of the reef and bait-cast the waters over the reef. The larger trout will be taken from the deeper waters, but the greatest number of trout,

though smaller, will be taken over the reef.

Early in September we fished for lake trout in the waters of Lake Superior a short distance north of the mouth of the Black River, where it empties into the big lake north of Ironwood, Michigan. While the day was too calm for the most part, we managed to catch four nice trout while trolling over the deep waters a half mile out from the mouth of the river. Preliminary experimenting showed that the greatest number of trout were still in the deeper waters, as we hooked fish in depths from 75 to 200 feet. The bait-casting outfit was still out of order, but local commercial fishermen reported that quite a number of trout were moving in toward shallower waters in preparation for their autumn spawning activities. The movement from deep to shallower waters naturally varies in different bodies of water, but one can depend on the latter part of September and October for bait-casting.

LATE SEASON fishing for lake trout, especially if resorting to the bait-casting equipment, is not a sport for weaklings. The fall winds cause the waters to roughen up a-plenty and the biting northern breeze calls for warm clothing. Fingers that are half frozen do not handle a casting line and reel handle as easily and precisely as do the warm fingers of mid-season. It is not an easy matter to handle a rod and reel with gloves on—but we recommend a pair of rubber gloves for the purpose as they will at least keep the hands dry, though not very warm.

Lake trout, of course, cannot be classed with rainbow or steelhead trout when it comes to putting up a spectacular scrap after becoming hooked. Still, they possess a bulldog madness that accounts for plenty of action when fought on bait-casting equipment. The fish, being taken on a much shorter line than when trolling, retains more vigor and fight for a longer period before throwing in the sponge. When hooked over a reef or semi-shallow boulder and rock bottom, the trout is compelled to battle nearer the surface and it sometimes shows itself upon the surface several times during the course of the fight. The lake trout is very fast and strong and battles differently than any other fresh water fish that I know of. It makes quick darts to the right or left, bores down deep, sulks or makes sudden and unexpected swirls near the surface. Their ability to pull hard when the going gets tough is a thrill that is, indeed, satisfying to the enthusiast of lightweight bait-casting tackle.

What lures, when bait-casting, you ask. Well, it's much a matter of personal preference for the most part, especially for the experienced lake trout fisherman. However, I have always found the metal wobbler of about four or five inches in length very effective. Finish can be copper, brass, gold, silver or nickel—it matters little, although we have long been partial to the lure that glitters the most—and that's the silver finish, or nickel. Feathered bass flies of the weighted types, size 5/0 hook, are also excellent. A red fly with white tail is usually good in any waters, but many trout have been taken on such patterns as Professor, Royal Concurrence, Silver Doctor and Yellow

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Weedless

Sally. Sometimes the addition of a pork-strip accounts for more strikes. It is advisable, always, to use either a single or tandem set of spinners ahead of the fly. Spinners can range in sizes from 0 to 3/0. Any type of spinner will suffice, such as oval, pear shaped or long, slim types. If the lure does not sink deep enough, then attach a lead weight about eight inches up on the line—or far enough up so as

not to hamper the action of the lure, but to permit casting easily.

On occasion it is possible to catch lake trout on fly-rod equipment, but this form of sport is still comparatively rare due to the length of line usually necessary for fishing for lake trout. It is possible to enjoy a lot of good fun, however, by using a bait-casting reel and line on a nine-foot fly rod. The lure should be trolled

over the fishing grounds and when the fish is hooked the handling is similar to any form of fly fishing for big trout. But if you can approach a lake trout and manage to hook him with only 40 feet of fly line out, power to you. Light tackle can be used on lake trout successfully when they surface in spring when the ice goes out and again late in September or October.

"The Agents Will Get You!"

(Continued from page 40)

tion between "jump-shooting" and "driving" waterfowl. The first is legal, the second is not, and your own common sense will tell you which is which. Bear in mind, however, that "jump-shooting"—or any shooting for that matter—is not legal if you shoot from any craft that is propelled or towed by any sort of power other than good old "elbow grease."

This regulation prohibiting the use of power-propelled or towed craft—including sailboats—has led to an interesting and unusual court decision. The popular outboard motor, which so many hunters use, was the leading figure in this drama.

The defendant in this case had used an outboard motor to pursue and shoot a crippled duck. The court found him guilty of violating the law. Yet the pursuit of a cripple with the aid of an outboard motor is permissible if no shooting is done!

Briefly, the situation is this. If an outboard motor is attached to the boat—whether running or not—you can not legally shoot waterfowl from that boat. But if the outboard motor is detached and lying in the boat, you have the same shooting rights as if you were in an ordinary rowboat.

THE outboard may be used to take you to and from your shooting grounds, but if you jump some teal, or a flock of fat mallards fly over your craft, you had better hold your fire. You are in a power-propelled boat, and shooting from such a boat is prohibited.

At your shooting grounds you must detach your outboard and put it in your boat while shooting. If you do this, you are shooting from a rowboat, which is legal. Remember that while the outboard is attached to your boat you are in a craft that is legally in the same classification as any other power-propelled boat, but that when the outboard is detached you are in a craft that is legally in the same classification as a rowboat or canoe.

Do you know that it is unlawful to hunt waterfowl from or by means of an automobile? When you race up on that flock of geese feeding in a roadside field and shoot at them from your car windows you are inviting trouble with a great big capital T. Incidentally, it is also unlawful to hunt waterfowl from or by means of any aircraft.

If you still want to take that ten-to-one bet, hold your money until we tell you about decoys and baiting. No doubt you feel certain that you know all the answers on these two subjects, but do you?

You know that live birds may not be used as decoys, but do you know that it is legal to use stuffed birds? In other words, you can use the skins from legally

taken birds to cover your "blocks" if you wish—and if you are enough of a taxidermist to do the job.

Maybe you are one of those who believe that you are within the law if you keep live decoys in crates or pens instead of staking them out in front of your blind. If so, you are wrong, dead wrong! It doesn't make any difference how or where you keep live decoys if they are used in any way to entice wild birds nearer to your gun. You could stake your "callers" out in an adjoining marsh, and you are in trouble if it can be shown that this will increase the number of ducks that fly over the marsh you are shooting. Legally, it makes no difference how far live decoys may be placed from your blind because you can't use such decoys in any way to entice wild birds nearer to the gun. The best place to keep live decoys—if you still have any—is right at home in their pens!

Do you know that it is unlawful to use a phonograph record made by ducks or geese for the purpose of calling these birds to your blind, but that the use of a recording is lawful if it was made by a man and a duck call?

Much the same situation exists with respect to baiting. It makes no difference when or how you feed the birds, you are headed for trouble if the feeding is designed to entice birds to your gun. Baiting is prohibited, and the time and the method of baiting is not of consequence legally.

As an illustration, it is held unlawful to shoot a marsh where feeding was practiced before the season but suspended with the opening of the season. Flooding a wheat field for the purpose of creating an area where ducks will come to feed is just as unlawful as if the wheat were

spread by hand in some existing duck marsh. The planting of natural aquatic foods in your marsh is not baiting, and any area so planted may legally be shot in season.

Shooting is lawful in season in any grain field where normal harvest operations have scattered grain on the ground or otherwise made it available to the birds.

THAT ten-to-one bet may have looked good to you when we first made the offer, but we'll lay another dollar on the line at the same odds that it doesn't look so good to you now. If it does, wait till you read this one. You know that you can take migratory game with a shotgun not larger than 10 gauge, but do you know that it is unlawful to take migratory game birds with a rifle? Or that it is lawful to take said birds with a bow and arrow?

It is not enough to know the season, shooting hours and bag limits! If you want to get the most out of your migratory game bird shooting, you should know more, much more. In addition to Federal regulations, you must know State law as well, for both apply to migratory birds. The best and safest source of information on Federal laws is the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service, and the best and safest source of information on State laws is the Conservation Department of each State. Don't listen to barber-shop lawyers or street corner judges. If in doubt, go to the best available authority for information. And if you are in the field and in doubt, don't do it! You won't get into trouble if you don't do it, but if you "doed it" and you are wrong, you may pay dearly for a moment of pleasure. Yes, sir! "The Agents will get you if you don't watch out!"



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The Kid Goes Ringnecking

(Continued from page 27)

alone—able to fire but one shot.

"Frank! Hey! Frank!" I called. When the fast-stepping hunter halted, then turned, I continued: "You'll need help in there!"

"Glad you got 'im stopped—there ought to be ringnecks in there," Carl said, greatly relieved to see Frank was waiting, so that we all might make a real drive into the standing corn.

Quickly and quietly forming our plan, which was for Carl to take his 12-gauge Winchester, half circle the patch and come up to the southeast corner of the corn and wait. Frank was to be on my left and a rod or two ahead of me, while I was to work back and forth across the center of the patch. With a good 10-gauge Ithaca we figured I ought to reach a bird over any part of the standing corn.

"Let's give Carl time enough to get his stand over near that opposite corner," I suggested, after Carl had been gone a short time.

After about two minutes, Frank started into the standing corn. I permitted him to advance several yards before I started. Almost as soon as I started, I heard birds flushing over in Carl's sector, immediately followed by a flush directly in front of Frank.

Frank was bringing his Old History Maker up on his bird, when I heard Carl fire three times—then the dull boom and a cloud of smoke from Frank's gun. Feathers flew and a hard hit bird tumbled to the cornstalks about 35 yards ahead of Frank.

The high speed hunter went crashing through the cornstalks after his prize, and I ran forward in order to force out any smart ringnecks that might have doubled back around my right flank. Evidently I forced out another bird, but I failed to see him take off. After Carl had fired and missed, and the bird had curved in behind him, about 70 yards from me, I gave him a good lead, held high and fired the left barrel. I had the satisfaction of seeing him drop far outside the corn.

"Get hold of that fellow, Carl! I think he's dead, but you never can tell about ringnecks!" I yelled.

CARL soon had him by the neck, and after an examination said, "He's hit hard enough—he couldn't have made it."

When we got together to check up on the results of our bombardment, Carl had bagged a pair and Frank and I each had one.

"Well," Frank smiled, as he pocketed his fine ringneck, measured out a charge of powder and started to re-load, "I'd say that was a fruitful little skirmish we just had."

It was the first "close up" view we had ever had of such an operation. "Kind of a nuisance—that gun of yours," Carl said, as he watched the eager veteran busily measuring powder, tamping in a wad, then pouring out a charge of shot.

"Nuisance?" Frank asked, somewhat surprised. "I guess you're right," he finally said. "It's hard to understand why I'd take this old relic to hunt with, when I have modern arms I could use—like some hunters killing deer with a bow and arrow.

Just because some people like to do a tough job under a handicap."

When the Old History Maker had been made ready to resume the hunt, we started for a likely looking patch of tall weeds a half mile away. We had heard a few shots near this location, but as we drew near, we found our selected spot unoccupied. Here we found a very thick growth of weeds, most of which were near shoulder high. The undergrowth was mostly slough grass, with a bunch of scrub willows dotting the five-acre patch in several places.

Without the slightest hesitation, Frank, now in the center position, tramped gingerly out into the tall weeds and started across. We managed to keep reasonably close to him till he was almost through this heavy cover.

We were within 40 yards of the end of this patch, and still no glint of copper and red had been sighted. But I noticed Frank had slowed his pace somewhat and had taken a firmer grip on the old soft-coal burner, and was advancing slowly toward some scrub willows.

A HEN flushed a few yards ahead of me, and then two cocks rocketed out about 30 yards ahead of Frank and Carl. Frank fired quickly and his bird dropped limply from a puff of floating feathers. Carl stopped the other one only a few yards away, completing his three-bird bag limit.

When Frank's re-loading was finally finished, we started back across the weed patch. We soon put up a pair of hens, and a little later, four more hens took wing. At the end of the weed patch, which was several shotgun ranges ahead of us, a lone cock shot out with his throttle wide open and the fullest intention of going places. He was an unusually large bird and the tone of his cackle left no doubt as to what we were in his estimation.

At the end of the field Carl sat down to wait for Frank and me to complete our bag. Both of us felt this would be but a matter of a very few minutes, for to the west was a patch of thick slough grass bordered by a thick growth of 10-foot willows. One fairly decent flush would be sufficient.

Ten yards apart, Frank and I tore into this likely looking cover and headed for the willows, while Carl was watching operations from his bleacher seat along a fence row a hundred yards to the rear.

Half way through the thick cover and still no birds had been flushed. Two-thirds through, and with only 30 yards to go and still no activity.

Then things started to happen—a dozen or more hens exploded from the willows ahead. Both of us pointed our guns at at least three different birds, and seeing no red, white or green, relaxed in disgust. However, we assumed the "At Ease" position a bit too soon, for not more than 20 yards to the south of the hen flush, eight or ten beautiful cocks bolted out and curved to our left. But for the smoke, I couldn't have sworn that Frank fired, because the two birds that dropped were quite close together. Frank rushed out to retrieve his bird and, as this completed his bag; he made no attempt to reload Old Quebec.

The last few seconds of that drive were worth more to us than the rest of the hunt.



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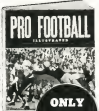
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Salt Water Fishing

Robert D. Hall, Editor

Rod Wear and Repair

AS THE salt marshes slowly turn to a golden brown and the pleasant odor of the bayberry covered dunes fills the brisk autumn air, the northern salt-water anglers rapidly approach the close of their fall fishing season.

At this time of year when many of us will lay aside a faithful rod for a sight of flying ducks over a gun barrel, little heed is given to our fishing rods that have rewarded us with so many delightful hours during the past season.

Unfortunately many anglers are very neglectful of their salt-water rods. Today, when good fishing equipment is nearly impossible to purchase, due to Government restrictions prohibiting the manufacturing of such equipment, it is time that we should follow the old New England custom of taking good care of what we have.

The majority of fishing rods today are made of finely tapered split bamboo strips glued together and unless some consideration is given these rods moisture will gain access to the glue that holds together the bamboo strips and the rod will become ruined.

Keep Rods Varnished

Many fishermen fail to realize that a chip of varnish off the edge of a split bamboo rod is the first step toward causing the bamboo strips to separate. The unprotected end of the cane inside a female ferrule will also allow dampness to enter the tubular fibers of the rod, which in time will cause the bamboo to disintegrate and lose its power to recover its

straightness after it is subjected to flexure.

In the manufacturing of split bamboo fishing rods, it is the usual custom to hang the freshly glued sticks in a drying room for six months in an even temperature of about 78 degrees. In this process a very large percentage of the moisture is removed before the bamboo stick is made into a rod and waterproofed with spar varnish.

When the sticks are taken from the factory's drying room the criss-cross string windings that have held the bamboo strips together are removed and the sticks are then sanded. The next step is to straighten all the untrue sticks by a method of passing the crooked ones back and forth through an open gas flame and, after sufficient heat is applied, the bamboo stick is then drawn through two wooden blocks in a straightening process where pressure is applied on the convex side of the bent stick. This heat treatment when applied to any particular section of the rod so, tens the cane sufficiently to allow it to be bent in any direction and the cane will recover its temper upon cooling.

The above method can be used successfully in straightening a crooked rod if first all varnish and silk windings are removed. Care, of course, should be taken that the rod is not discolored by too much heat.

In case moisture has injured the glue of a particular section of a rod and the six strips have started to open up, it is advisable to reglue this part of the rod. This can be very easily accomplished if a little care is taken. The main idea is to get glue



FIG. 1



FIG. 2



FIG. 3

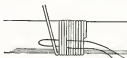


FIG. 4



FIG. 5

Five Steps in Rod Winding

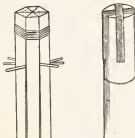


FIG. B

SHOWING HOW TAPE IS APPLIED TO INSURE A TIGHT FIT FOR FERRULE.



FIG. A

TEMPORARY WINDINGS

into the inside surfaces of the bamboo strips. If by chance the cane has separated in the middle of the rod away from the ferrules and the glue is holding at the ends of the stick, then it is advisable to open up the defective section with a very thin blade of a small pocket knife. But first we must put a silk winding below and above the opening we wish to reglue, to prevent the split from continuing into the section of the rod that the old glue is holding satisfactorily. When these strips have been opened up with a knife blade we can keep them open by using wooden toothpicks as wedges between the strips at the tight ends, which will give us the opportunity of allowing hot glue to reach all the way into the cracks. See Fig. A. Then remove the wooden wedges and wind the newly glued section with heavy cotton thread in criss-cross spiral windings. Be sure this section of the rod is about as straight as you can make it by rolling out any bends that may have developed. These bends may be caused by uneven pressure in putting on the temporary winding. This reglued section of the rod, if it is a middle section of a fly rod, or a tip of a surf rod, should be hung up to dry in a warm place for at least 10 days before sanding, rewinding and varnishing.

Recent Loose Ferrules

Unfortunately rods made from split bamboo or wood will gradually shrink with age and cause ferrules to become loose. A remedy for this condition is to drive the ferrule pin in with a tool you can easily make from an old ice pick used as a punch; then heat the ferrule and re-

move. Be sure not to disfigure the ferrule. Ferrule cement is made to hold metal and wood together, but it is very important to have a snug fit before applying any cement or the cement will break away from the metal surface of the ferrule and you will have a loose ferrule again.

If the ferrule fits loosely over the end of the rod, a thin coat of ferrule cement can be applied and while the cement is sticky narrow strips of light-weight cloth can be put over the end of the wood so when the ferrule is forced on the surplus room is taken up with these cloth strips and cement. See Fig. B.

The above is a satisfactory method for building up loose ferrules on fishing rods of small diameter. On salt-water rods where there is an excess amount of room between ferrule and wood, it is recommended that the wood be built up by gluing a strip of thin paper around the wood until it is a little larger than the ferrule. A string winding should then be put over the glued paper to hold it tightly until it dries. When thoroughly dry this paper and glue can be filed down to the correct size of the ferrule and the ferrule cemented on. There is one little trick that is used a great deal in large rod factories when cementing ferrules on salt-water rods and that is to sprinkle a little fine sand over the hot cement just before putting the ferrule on. The sand will cut into the metal and wood surfaces and it is nearly impossible to remove the ferrule if cemented in this fashion.

Years ago rod makers put silk windings on their fishing rods to help hold together the six strips of bamboo as the gluing of the cane was not always dependable, but today modern methods are far superior and it is unnecessary to use hundreds of windings as in years past.

The weak point of a split bamboo rod lies in the glued surface of a 6-strip constructed rod. This is best explained by the fact that from the center of the rod to the top the rod consists of three bamboo strips and a flat glued surface runs from the tip to the butt, dividing the three lower strips of bamboo. When a rod is flexed the upper side of the bend resists a stretching strain and the lower half must fight against a compressing action. This effort must be borne by the adhesive matter holding the bamboo strips together and if the strain is too great or too continuous the glued joints begin to let go, the fibers break down and the rod becomes soft. Many rod makers are becoming more convinced that the present method of construction of a 6-strip bamboo rod is incorrect and that a rod made of five strips is far superior.

Another fault in our present day bamboo rods lies in the weakness where the bamboo knots have been removed and the fibers of the cane are severed at these points. If a split bamboo rod needs winding at any place it should be at these knot scars. See the figures illustrating five steps in rod winding.

In wrapping rods, the majority of rod makers apply two or three coats of color preservative before it is varnished to prevent the oils of the varnish from penetrating and discoloring the silk. This method may make a better looking rod if brilliant colors are to be considered more vital



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(Continued on page 93)

Boats and Motors

Willard Crandall, *Editor*

Looking at After-the-War Boats

Better Boats, in Variety of Sizes, Shapes, Types, Coming

"I CAN DREAM, can't I?" is a snappy comeback someone originated for use with subjects having nothing to do with boats. Just the same, what boatman or fisherman hasn't liked to dream, around the campfire, or the hearth fire, about his next year's outfit?

Right now, of course, it's dreaming on the cot-edge after maneuvers, or on a crowded bus leaving the war plant; and it's about that after-the-war boat and motor. Some words have been put in print, in various places, about after-the-war craft, but mostly they have been too visionary words. Vague but exaggerated talk about pressing out stock boats by the thousands so even the poorest can have one may make interesting reading for the minute, but the editor of this department feels the sportsman boater is more interested in what definite progress has been and is being made in the boating field that will apply to the first small boats of peacetime.

The requirements of the Army and Navy for small boats are exacting. Durability, reliability, capacity, seaworthiness and speed—each of these factors sportsmen have always thought important become out-and-out life and death matters. When there's a river to be crossed where the bridge has been blasted out the outboard motor must start quickly, keep going at speed, and the boat must hold the load of soldiers and equipment and not upset, leak badly, or even cut speed, despite wind, wave, or obstructions of the unknown river. In building to the precise requirements of the Armed Forces the manufacturers are learning how to still improve the sportsman's boat and motor. The lesson so far of the war is that the best marine products are turned out with the use of standard well-tested materials and construction methods, varied to suit new conditions or refined as new workable ideas are discovered, rather than by the use of entirely new designs, construction methods, or materials.

WAR has brought out some high-powered four cylinder outboard motors. They are needed for speed operations with a heavy load of men and equipment aboard, as with the army assault boat. Exact h.p. figures should not be released, but it's going up! Why not an inboard, if power must be so upped, someone asks. An inboard is not always practical—take the river crossing just referred to. Much

simpler to haul the heavy outboard over-land than a heavy inboard.

The sportsman may never want an outboard motor so large he can push a racing boat 90 m. p. h. with it, but the manufacturers are learning tricks they can apply to smaller motors as they turn out big ones in quantity to an ever-rising new standard of dependability. The leading manufacturers are turning out motors for the Armed Forces gross after gross. Only a portion of the outboard motor factories have been converted to the manufacture of non-marine war equipment, though it could be said it is possible to make in these factories parts for everything from an airplane to a jeep.

In the small boat field a new development in design will undoubtedly prove of great practical interest to the sportsman after the war. Put most simply, it is this: designs have been worked out for semi round-bottom craft using that most excellent boat material, waterproof plywood.

After the war, there will be runabouts of plywood—not molded—that will be almost indistinguishable in actions from the present wood round-bottoms. And they will have the great advantage of light weight, a matter always of importance in a small boat, whether it is portable or not. The weight differential may be quite a bit, for a large part of the weight in a small boat is in the planking.

STRENGTH despite the absence of numerous weight-making frames is built into these boats. For instance, the basis of the whole design is that the plywood, on each side of the keel, takes only natural bends, no matter how much the bottoms may look as if it had a dozen compound bends. Any natural bend actually strengthens the boat, while a forced bend weakens it.

Try it all out with a piece of paper. It's a general rule that plywood can be made to bend any way a piece of paper can. Offhand you would say you can bend



DUCK BOATS aren't the only craft which come in handy in the shooting season. This outboard utility boat is doing well indeed as a load carrier. No great power is required to push it, either.



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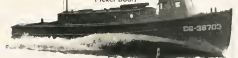
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your piece of paper only one way. But try constantly changing the amount of that bend across the paper, and it's soon seen a lot of varying curves can be worked out without creasing or cracking. Consider the sheet of paper as one-half of the boat bottom—from keel out, either side—and the possibilities of underwater design must be admitted. Now that marine plywood has been out several years, designers have turned these possibilities into facts.

DONT lay that piece of paper down yet. Try rolling it into a slightly cylindrical or conical shape—which is just the shape plywood takes in these new designs. Doesn't it appear to be much stronger that way than when flat? A flat piece of paper will hardly support its own weight. The same differences in practical strength, according to shape, apply to plywood.

Designers call these new bottoms they have worked out "developable plywood surfaces." Here is one point that will give an idea of the intricacies of "developing" such a design. Lay a straight-edge on any point on the boat bottom. Then revolve it, without shifting its position, through one complete circle. Somewhere in that circle the whole straight-edge will lie flat, touching all along. This is proof no compound curve, no forced curve, is involved.

Developable plywood surfaces may mean work for the designer, but for the manufacturer they mean better boats, easier to build.

It must not be assumed that these "developable plywood" craft have only advantages, with no drawbacks. While it is true the excellent combination round-V-bottoms so far produced have to a large extent the good features of both bottom types, it is also true that to some extent the bad features of both bottom types have sneaked in as well. Before the war ends doubtless some of these new-present bugs will be eliminated. The combination round-V-bottom type presents wonderful possibilities—the round, particularly at chines and near the bow, for easy riding and safety, and the flat or slight V, more toward the back and near the keel, for efficiency, power support, and speed.

All developable plywood hulls are simple to repair, for a butt block, or patching piece, will fit naturally anywhere. This is an important point, for all plywood boats are subject to damage from rubbing or any constant friction at one spot.

There will be inboard boats—runabouts, and probably cruisers up to 30 feet or so, semi round-bottoms, of the developable plywood type, after the war. But since the motor, and other equipment, makes up a great part of the weight with these larger boats, it can hardly be expected the use of plywood will bring the percentage reduction in total weight it will with the outboards. Right now, it seems the most interesting future of developable plywood lies with the outboard. A year from now it may seem different.

It won't be motorboats alone that have new types of plywood bottoms. We'll find sailboats and canoes, and even some rowboats, each with its own new style or styles of developable plywood under-surfaces.

Plywood is not the only material that can be used with these new designs. Any

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If you own an 8 H.P. or larger outboard that you would be interested in selling, knowing that it would be turned over to the government for important service, write today to the Boats and Motors Dept., Sports Afield, Phoenix Bldg., Minneapolis 1, Minn.

sheet material will fit as well, sheet metal, for example. The possibilities of this, as it applies to pleasure boating, have hardly been gone into yet. However, it can be said no wonderful new metal or alloy has turned up yet for use in boats, or if it has it is a military secret.

Indeed, in the field of metal boats, we find just what we do in wood as we attempt to peer into the future by considering completely just what has happened to date: refinements and clever adaptations of existing methods and materials, rather than the breath-catching appearance of something completely new. Following our same feet-on-the-ground reasoning, we can expect the proportion of metal boats to wood boats to be about the same after the war as before the war.

We'll leave the ideas of hundreds of thousands of plastic boats from the same mold, or of hundreds of thousands of identical craft being "pressed out," to those more visionary. But we can't help mentioning that until waterways are all the same size, loads all the same size, and motors all the same size, the boating public will shy off any standardization of boats such as seen with automobiles.

From this corner we guess there will be better boats, but still more sizes, shapes and types of better boats, than ever after the war.

Drain Your Boat Motor

OUTBOARD MOTOR parts are no longer easy to get. This isn't much news to anyone. But there are some parts available; some coming from factory stores, some from the shelves of dealers and distributors. Sometimes motors, out for the duration because of broken parts that cannot be replaced, are "robbed" of usable parts to keep another motor going.

This scarcity situation is not going to get better as long as the war lasts. And it's only common sense to realize that parts using the most metal, such as crankcases, cylinders, lower units, and flywheels, will be the hardest to get, less available than spark plugs, piston rings, and shut-off buttons.

One of the best ways to seriously dam-



NO LONGER ARE INBOARD BOWS sharply pointed. This 19-footer makes up to 40 m.p.h. and complete streamlining, which it appears has come to stay, plays its part in coaxing up the speed standard.

age a motor, say crack a cylinder, is to let ice form in it during the winter. Nothing could be simpler than to prevent this—a complete draining of the water cooling system at storing away time, something that takes only a minute or two, is a perfect preventative. Yet despite the parts shortage there are many owners who will again leave water in their motors this winter. Most of them will come out lucky, as they probably have in the past, during which time they formed and O.K.'d these happy-go-lucky habits. A few won't be so fortunate.

With some model motors, and in some sections of the country, the parts situation is better than average. That it is poor

excuse indeed for putting up the motor for the winter without getting all water out. All that has to be done is to stand the motor upright, twirl the flywheel a few times, letting all water run out the water outlet, and fill the lower unit with grease so no water can remain in there. It's simple; and the job can be completed by leaving the motor in an upright position, to eliminate any chance of stray water left in nooks running back where it isn't wanted. If the weight of the motor rests on the skeg under the propeller, rather than on the bracket, which is better, it is only common sense to brace it so it will not slip down with a crash sometime through the winter.

They are hunting Japs...not ducks



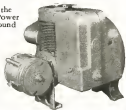
Patrolling tropical rivers with a Mercury Outboard Motor is a far cry from traveling to a duck blind on your favorite lake. Many of Uncle Sam's boys are gaining new respect for these dependable outboards now in military use.

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Build an Outboard Motor Repair and Storage Stand

THE outboard motor should be stored in an upright position, but if it is simply stood in the corner or in a closet it is easily knocked down or may even slip down, gradually or all at once, from vibration of the floor, etc. It is much better to support the motor from its bracket, as when it is in use.

A motor stand can be simply built to serve both for storage and repair. A wood stand as shown in the illustration can be made out of 2 by 4's, a couple of 2 by 8's, or 2 by 10's, and screws and bolts. Dimensions of the stand can be almost anything the builder wants to make them, although of course the structure must be high

enough so the motor will clear the floor. The angle of the top piece, to which the motor will be clamped, should be as great or greater than that of the stern of the boat.

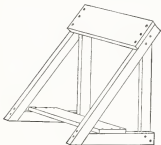
If the stand is to be used only for storage, and with a light motor, lighter materials can be used. A stand used for repair should be stronger than one used for storage alone, as attempts to start a motor impose an added strain on the stand. While naturally the motor should not be allowed to run on the stand, there is no objection, so far as the motor is concerned, to starting it, providing it is shut off immediately once it is running, the object being of course to determine if the motor will start.

Rod Wear and Repair

(Continued from page 89)

than secure windings. Color preservative, which is nothing more than a good grade of silver lacquer, prevents the varnish from cementing the silk wrappings to the rod and if a poor quality of varnish is used the windings are likely to become loose the second time the rod is used.

Remember—a good rod deserves good care and a coat of the best rod varnish you can purchase applied once a year is excellent insurance for long and faithful service.



Sporting Dogs

Peter Boggs, Editor

Three Good Breeds of Retrievers

History and Usage of Some Good Water Dogs Reviewed

LAST month we discussed briefly the history and usage of the cocker spaniel, the springer spaniel and the Irish water spaniel. In concluding this series of the so-called retriever breeds this month we take up the Chesapeake Bay retriever, the Labrador retriever and the golden retriever.

The origin and history of the Chesapeake Bay centers around the wreck of a ship. In 1807 an English brig was wrecked off the coast of Maryland. Aboard were two Newfoundland puppies, a dog and a bitch. The two animals and the crew of the sinking ship were rescued by the American boat, "Canton." When the rescued party reached shore part of the crew was given shelter by a man who was deeply interested in dogs. He was given the two puppies as a token of appreciation for the hospitality he had displayed to the sailors of the wrecked brig.

Both of these little pups showed excellent qualities as retrievers. The male dog was a dingy red in color, the bitch was black. The Chesapeake Bay region of Maryland, even in those days, enjoyed a reputation as a remarkable duck shooting territory. The man to whom the dogs had been given was an ardent duck hunter and after recognizing the retrieving qualities in these two dogs, he began to further develop them. It was not long before they had earned more than a local reputation as retrievers. Many local nondescript dogs were bred to them in order to get pups that might inherit a part of their great retrieving instincts. History does not tell us whether the two dogs themselves were ever mated. But we do know that over a period of years the offspring resulting from mating these two dogs with the local hounds thereabouts produced a number of outstanding water retrieving dogs.

Seventy-eight years later, in 1885, there had been developed a definite type of dog that had earned a reputation far and wide for their work in the icy and rough waters of Chesapeake Bay, where, believe it or not, they were often called upon to retrieve as many as 300 ducks in a day. This seems strange when we think how hard we work today to get our limit of 10 ducks, but in those times hunters thought nothing of shooting three or four hundred ducks in a day for market, especially in the Chesapeake Bay region. It was in this locality and in 1885 that the Chesapeake Bay retriever became the first definite breed to originate in this country.

The old time inhabitants of that region had spent a great deal of time and thought in developing these dogs. Cross after cross had been made so as to develop the dead-grass coloring and the tight curly coat that is so characteristic of this breed.

The Chesapeake should be used primarily for retrieving in water. Their dense coat makes the dog practically waterproof. They are physically rugged and can swim for hours in icy water retrieving fallen birds. They do not show their affection quickly but tend to attach themselves to one or two persons and be utterly loyal to them.

Another ideal water retrieving dog is the Labrador retriever. Not so long ago the Labrador was a comparatively rare dog in the United States, but now they are one of the foremost retrieving breeds. More and more hunters have discovered the superb qualities of this dog and, in addition to using them for water work, are employing them on upland game. This popularity is due perhaps to his great strength, his steeper and more staid disposition and the fact that he is perhaps easier to train than many of the other gun dogs. The Labrador has a coat that will enable him to stand the coldest of



DEL MONTE GINGER OF DEERWOOD, Chesapeake Bay retriever, is owned by Philip Gagnon of Robbinsdale, Minnesota. The origin of the Chesapeake Bay breed is rather obscure, but legend seems to indicate that this dog comes from the crossing of the Newfoundland dog with the hound, and the characteristics of the breed also point to this mixture. The massive bone structure and ruggedness are comparable to those qualities in the Newfoundland, while the keen scenting ability could be an inheritance from the hound.

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WILLING TO WORK is a phrase often applied to the Chesapeake Bay retriever, a breed equally good on upland game and waterfowl. This is Ch. Airline Golden Down, owned by Philip H. Doter of New York.

viding you live in the country or have room enough in town to quarter them. Each of these three, aside from their value as hunting dogs, would make ideal house pets or general all-round companions. If you are considering a new dog I am sure you will find any of these retriever breeds more than satisfactory.

Why Some Dogs Bark

I don't know of anything more annoying than a dog that continually barks for no particular reason. Strange as it may seem I have found that in a number of cases the reason a dog acted in this manner was purely as a relief from simple boredom, especially when the animal was confined to a kennel. Once a dog becomes an excessive and senseless barker it is rather hard to cure him of this annoying habit. However, here is a method, a very simple one, that I have found will help cure needless barking. Just give the dog exercise and more exercise and if the animal is confined to a kennel yard give him a chance to run outside every so often. It is very seldom that you find a well exercised dog that is an excessive and senseless barker, a dog that seems to bark just to hear himself bark.

Salt a Good Worm Spray

Dogs suffer from many different types of worms. By using the proper type of worm medicine the condition can be quickly cured. However, if your dog has hookworms it is necessary, after treating the animal for this particular parasite, to do something about his kennel quarters. If you don't, your pet will in a short time become infested again.

In order to lessen the danger of reinfection take about two pounds of ordinary table salt and mix it with a gallon of boiling water. After this solution cools put it in an ordinary sprayer and spray the dog's kennel house and yard thoroughly. This spray will kill any hookworm larvae. You will also find that such a spray will help to eliminate fleas.

Dogs Are Cranks

Yes, in some respects dogs are cranks. If you don't believe this, try switching your dog's sleeping box or blanket. He won't be fooled and he won't like it. Once given a bed, a dog isn't satisfied to sleep anywhere else in the house.

A dog quickly learns that his bed is his own property. He is exceedingly jealous of it. You will find that some dogs will take almost any abuse from another dog without fighting; but let a strange dog get into his bed and the fur will start flying. I mention this to bring out the reason why some thought and care should be given to his sleeping quarters when a dog is first brought into a house. Choose a place that is dry and free from drafts. A place that the dog can call his own forever afterwards. Don't place a puppy in a damp cellar for it will soon become ill. It doesn't necessarily have to be a well heated place. A dog doesn't need heat, his only requirement is that the place chosen for him is dry and not drafty.

Dog Nurses

Don't be surprised if your dog is confined to a veterinary hospital and on visiting him you find there is a dog nurse in attendance helping to care for him. Many leading veterinarians throughout the country have discovered that certain injured and sick dogs respond to treatment much more readily if they have canine company. Also that these canine nurses are a great help in keeping certain injured dogs quiet. Hence, they have acquired dogs with suitable temperament and have trained them to act as canine nurses to some of their patients.

Dog's Blood Pressure

Not that it's particularly important but some might be interested to know that a dog's normal blood pressure is between 100 and 120. Like us humans it becomes higher as the animal grows older. While the normal blood pressure of a dog tends to be lower than that of a human, their normal body temperature is greater. A dog's normal temperature is between 101 and 102 degrees.

Cod Liver Oil

Cod liver oil is of major importance in the diet of puppies. It is also extremely beneficial to older dogs, especially during the winter months. A teaspoonful mixed in the food every other day is sufficient. It will promote the proper development of both bone and coat.



MOST WIDELY USED of land spaniels, the English springer performs adequately on water also. This is F. T. Ch. Brynmore Fireside, owned by James Simpson, Jr., of Illinois.



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Game Breeding

Horace Mitchell, Editor

Do You Believe It?

A LOT of good people are crammed to the gills with facts—that-aren't-so about wild birds. Every so often this department is asked questions based on nothing more than age-old superstitions.

It's like the man who happened to go through a door backward and found \$10. He's been going through doors that way ever since, and he hasn't found any more money.

In the case of wild birds a good many of these ancient beliefs concern nesting. In wandering through the woods and fields most of us have discovered nests. When we went back a few days later perhaps the eggs were still there, cold and rotten, or the nest may have been empty. So comes the story that you must not touch the nest of a wild bird with your bare hand or the bird will leave it never to return or will move her nest elsewhere.

When I began game farming 26 years ago there was one booklet on the work which cautioned readers always to take the eggs from the nests with a silver spoon. Maybe the "silver" was to take the "curse" off, or something. After bothering with that for some time I began using the bare hands and no harm resulted. The eggs hatched just as well and the parent birds kept right on laying. This same thing applied whether the birds were pheasants or wood ducks or quail.

However, if hands were dirty, particularly if they were oily or greasy, that might injure the eggs' hatching ability.

A persistent belief among the uninformed is that you must slit a crow's tongue if you want it to talk. That is absolute nonsense. I don't know how anybody could slit a crow's tongue anyhow. They're small and slippery. But it might be done with a very keen knife. But crows will talk, if they want to, just as well without the slitting. And you don't have to get them as fledglings to have them do it.

To my own personal knowledge several crows, wing-tipped by gunners when the birds were fully matured, began to mimic human noises after they became used to captivity, and have "talked" well enough to bring a hired man hurrying in from the field.

Do snakes "fascinate" birds? That's an old yarn about the way a snake will charm a bird before it slaps it down. Many of us have seen the answer to this one. When the bird sees the snake it usually stops and stares at it intently. The bird is just interested in that new bright thing that may wiggle a little. You can do the same thing to a bird with a piece of string of the right color.

That reminds me that it is a good idea to shake up the litter in the corners of the game bird pens before the worst of the cold weather arrives. There have been cases where snakes and rats bedded down for the winter in such places and lived like grand dukes on the feed given to the birds. The snakes would grab off a bird now and then, too. And sometimes a rat would do the same.

You southerners may be troubled by the snakes all the winter but by this time most of the northern wigglers have gone under cover for another year.

Back to the funny beliefs again: washing an egg is said to ruin its ability to hatch. That's wrong. Wash 'em with clean water, no soap, if they are dirty, and wipe them dry. The only harm in washing is that if you want to keep the eggs for a week there is much more chance of a washed egg spoiling. Washing takes away a film over the shell that helps it to keep longer.

Another one is that pheasants need no water except what is in their mash. It is the practice of some breeders never to give water to any of the birds as a separate item in their diet. They say the moisture in the mash is enough and that the birds get whatever more they need from the dew on the grass, or from the snow in their pens. These fellows swear they are more successful this way. Maybe so. But certainly the birds I've worked with and those I have seen on other places where water was used liberally seem to be better and to grow better.

On the other hand, some types of water, while excellent for human consumption, might be bad for the birds. Just a bare possibility of this. If any readers have had any unusually good or unusually bad experiences in this direction it would be swell if they would write us about it.

As to water when snow is on the ground: birds peck at snow to some extent but a clean dish of fresh water will nearly always attract them.

John Kelly writes that one of his pheasant hens is growing spurs. Charles Brinkhoff sends a letter about a hen ring-neck pheasant changing her plumage to that of a cock. Both readers wonder why.

This change has been noticed a good many times by game breeders. Especially those who keep the same birds over several years. The change is caused by the atrophying of the ovary. Sometimes it takes place in young birds. But more often in those that have laid plenty of eggs for a number of seasons. It means the bird is all done as a breeder and had best be killed and eaten.

Game farmers and hunters and fishermen can do a lot to help the war by reporting at once any unusual things noticed in the wild country. Get the facts to your chief of police or the Intelligence Officer at a nearby military post. The great out of doors is a great place for hiding things.

* * *

Use your extra game birds for food on your own table and help out the general supplies of "ests."

* * *

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(Write The National Sportsman, November 1943, p. 104.)

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Nearsighted Hunter

SEVERAL years ago some of my friends and I were hunting moose up in Canada. A few of the men had made their kill and on this particular day I was out alone. After several hours of tramping through the woods I suddenly spotted my prey at some distance, through the trees. Slowly I took careful aim and fired.

I knew I had wounded my moose for he bounded high in the air and began a crazy dash. Quickly he was lost to view and thereupon I proceeded to where he had been standing when wounded. A fresh trail of blood was clearly visible from this spot and I followed it through the woods.

After trailing for two miles or more the trail ended. My glasses, which I wear for nearsightedness, were rather fogged and dirty so I took them off. I decided to rest too, and then take up the trail again if I could. I sat down on a rock in the bushes and cleaned my glasses. Then I placed my hands behind me on the rock and leaned back to rest. Suddenly my left hand felt moist, and I discovered it was covered with blood. To my surprise, I had sat on my dead moose!—Harold Doubs, Cleveland, Ohio.

Squirrels Get Fat

THE other night I was telling some of my buddies here at this field that back home I have never yet seen a fall in Michigan when the beech trees produced a good nut crop that the fox squirrels didn't get so fat they couldn't climb the trees. In fact, good years, along in August they start building ladders of grapevines.—Sgt. James A. Springer, Keesler Field, Mississippi.

Buttatchee River

ED BRANYON, Bo Dunn and I decided to go frog gigging. We got together the gigs and a couple of carbide lights and strolled down to the Buttatchee River, which is about three miles from town. There we secured a boat and set out.

By that time it was dark as pitch so we lit our carbides and started spotting. Bo, who is official frog spotter, spotted first, with Ed paddling and me gigging. The river in this section is just about three feet deep in most places with sudden sinkholes of varied depth. As we eased down the north side of the river Bo spotted a big bullfrog, so in the usual procedure Ed eased the boat around and

glided straight for him. Waiting with my gig poised, we eased up to the frog, my arm shot forward, but froggie, who had been sitting on some foxfire, gave a big jump and my gig shot under him. We listened for the splash as he hit the water, but there wasn't any splash. We looked at each other.

As we started off, Bo happened to shine his light up in the overhanging brush. To our surprise, there was froggie, perched on a limb about 10 feet above the water. Determined to get him, I got out on the bank and climbed the tree, gig in hand. As soon as I got within range, froggie made another jump and landed on a limb higher up in the tree. I chased him all over that tree until he got to the top limb. Then he gave a big jump and landed smack in the middle of the river.

So we went on down the river and all of a sudden Bo gave an excited yell and pointed to the opposite bank. There, lined up along the bank, were 25 enormous bullfrogs. Ed eased the boat up to the bank sideways so he could gig one. Knowing that when we gigged one the rest would jump into the water, we cooked up the plan of Ed gigging the one on his end of the line and me the one on the other. When we gigged, the other 23 jumped into the boat instead of the water and when we quit gigging and started paddling up to the boat landing we had 1,342 frogs.—Frank McKenzie, Jr., Hamilton, Ala.

Membership Card Helps

WHILE out upland gunning this week, I met another sportsman in the field. He gave me the customary greeting, "Any luck?" "Sure," I said, "I've got 12 rabbits and nine pheasants over there in my car, and some more here in my coat." Then he surprised me, "Do you know who I am? I'm the game warden." "Oh, yes," I said, "and do you know who I am?" And I brought out my membership in the Liars' Club.—Jack Close, Midland Park, New Jersey.

Quail Dog Team

ONE DAY I was hunting what looked to be a likely field when my two dogs came upon a fence. My best dog, Sally, an Irish setter, was first to jump. Just when Sally got on the top of the fence, she smelled birds and came to a point. Dick, instead of backing as an ordinary bird dog would have done, grabbed the end of her tail between his teeth to keep her balanced on the fence.—Lt. S. J. Milazzo, New Orleans, Louisiana.

He Didn't Have a Match

WHILE a friend of mine named Hi Johnson and I were resting one morning during a pheasant hunt, he told me this story:

"I had a swell dog once. He was about the smartest dog I have ever seen!

"I went duck hunting one morning and, because it was so darned cold, I decided to leave him home. But by the time I had reached my favorite blind, there was old Stuff.

"There was a thin sheet of ice on the water near the shore. After much persuasion I finally got him to go in after a mallard I had brought down. When he had made the retrieve, I noticed him running around gathering small twigs and sticks, and piling them close to me.

"He finally got the idea across to me that he wanted me to build a fire for him so that he could keep warm!"—R. H. Knighten, Costa Mesa, California.



"That's what I said—o dozen apples with 'worms in 'em!"

Joe's
Bunch



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"That's a pheasant my neighbor's son bagged for Sunday dinner. But Hitler also hates wild ducks and geese, partridge and quail, deer steaks and rabbit pies. He hates every sort of table game that's served in American homes.

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